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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of Chateaubriand.* Written by himself. Vol. II. Part 3. London: Colburn. 1849.

(Continued from page 99.)

ON his arrival in London, CHATEAUBRIAND established himself in an attic in Holborn. His health, instead of improving as had been hoped, became worse. He appears to have manifested most of the symptoms of pulmonary consumption. One of the physicians to whom he applied told him, that with care he "might linger on some months."

But destitution as well as death stared him in the face. Few, as he supposed, his remaining days on earth were destined to be, it became necessary to think of providing for the wants of nature during the brief period. Literature suggested itself as the most practicable means, and it was then that the idea of a work on revolutions was first conceived. But where was he to find a publisher? and how was he to live in the meantime? The pecuniary circumstances of his friends in exile were no better than his own, though most of them had obtained some employment. He tells us that, notwithstanding their misfortunes,—

They were all in good spirits; that light-mindedness, which constitutes the great defect of our nation, was at

that moment changed into a virtue. They laughed at Fortune to her face; that plundering goddess was ashamed to carry off that which no one would ask her to give back.

PELLETIER, known as the chief editor of the *Actes des Apôtres*, continues in London his literary career. He found for CHATEAUBRIAND's *Essai Historique* a printer and publisher, and also engaged to trumpet its praise in his own journal, the *Ambigu*, and otherwise obtain for it support. The character of this man is, with an aptitude peculiar to CHATEAUBRIAND, hit off in the following concise and graphic sentence, "He was not precisely a man of vice, but he was eaten up by a vermin of smaller defects from which it was impossible to cleanse him." But the *Essai Historique* was not yet written:—

I was now in sight of the golden future: but upon what plank was I to cross the present? PELLETIER procured for me translations from Latin and English; at these I laboured all day, and at night on the *Essai Historique*, into which I worked up portions of my travels and my reveries.

He formed an intimacy also with an *émigré* of the name of HINGANT, whom he had met on board the Jersey packet, and like himself engaged in literature. When not accompanied by this friend, he passed his leisure hours in long and solitary wanderings about Kensington and Westminster. On one occasion at the latter place, he was shut up all night in the Abbey. But distress again supervened. Translations were no longer forthcoming, for "PELLETIER, who was a man of pleasure, became tired of continuous kindness." He and his friend HINGANT were reduced to the greatest straits. CHATEAUBRIAND thus describes their sufferings:

We lessened our rations, as is done in a ship where the voyage is unexpectedly prolonged. Instead of dining at a shilling a-head, we spent only half that sum. At our breakfast, we retrenched the half of our bread, and dispensed altogether with butter. This kind of abstinence affected my friend's nerves. His mind wandered; he listened, appeared as if he had heard some one; in reply, he burst out into laughter, and shed tears. Hingant was a believer in animal magnetism, and his brains were full of the reveries of Swedenborg. He told me in the morning that there had been great noises about him during the night, and was annoyed if I threw any doubt upon his fancies. The anxiety which he caused me, prevented me from feeling my own suffering. Those sufferings were, however, great; a very meagre diet and continuous labour increased the pain in my chest; I began to feel difficulty in walking, and yet I spent the whole of the day and a part of the night out of doors, in order that no one might be aware of my destitution. When we came to our last shilling, I agreed with my friend to keep it, in order to make a show of breakfasting. We arranged that we would buy a twopenny loaf; that we would have the breakfast things laid as usual, the hot water brought up, and the tea-caddy set on the table; that we would not put in any tea, and not eat any bread, but merely drink some water flavoured by a few crumbs of sugar remaining at the bottom of the basin. Five days passed away in this manner. I was devoured by hunger,—felt on fire,—and sleep had forsaken me: I was accustomed to suck pieces of linen dipped in water, and to chew grass and paper. On passing by a baker's shop, the torment was horrible. On a coarse winter's evening, I have remained as long as two hours standing before a grocer's shop or Italian warehouse, devouring with my eyes everything I saw; I would have eaten, not merely the eatables, but the boxes, bags, or baskets, which contained them. On the morning of the fifth day, ready to drop down from inanition, I dragged myself along to Hingant's lodgings. I knocked at his door, which remained shut, and called, without for some time receiving any reply; at length Hingant rose and opened the door. He smiled with a wandering air; his coat was close buttoned up; he sat down at the breakfast table. "Our breakfast is just coming,"

said he with an extraordinary voice. I thought I saw some drops of blood on his shirt, and proceeded quickly to unbutton his coat; he had inflicted a wound two inches deep on his left breast with a penknife. I called for help, and the maid-servant ran to fetch a surgeon.

HINGANT was taken into the country by his relations, and recovered; and CHATEAUBRIAND experienced a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation, by the receipt of 120 francs from his uncle M. DE BEDEE. He lived now in a garret in Mary-le-bone street. Such was his miserable condition that he was unable to continue his work. His bed consisted merely of a mattress and a coverlid. He had no sheets; and when he was cold, kept himself warm by the addition of his coat and a chair. This wretched lodging was shared by a cousin, who slept upon a mat, and who finally sunk under the privations to which he was subjected. But even under these deplorable circumstances the national gaiety, or perhaps we might say, levity, did not desert them. The cousin, "being witty, and a good musician with a fine voice, when they failed to fall asleep, sat up quite naked upon his mat, sang ballads, and accompanied himself on a guitar, which had only three strings." And in the evenings, they went, "to join the dance at the lodgings of their aunts or cousins, after their dress-making was over, or the hats finished."

At last the 120 francs were finished, and the poor *émigré* saw no alternative before him but "the hospital or the Thames." Once more, however, PELLETIER came to his aid, and assisted in procuring him employment from a society of antiquaries, who were in want of a person capable of deciphering the French manuscripts of the twelfth century, which were among the Camden papers. At the head of the undertaking was the clergyman of Beccles, and accordingly to this place CHATEAUBRIAND set off, furnished with the necessary testimonials. His services were accepted; and, taking the name of M. DE COMBOURG, he established himself in the country. It was while here that he heard of the execution of his brother and sister-in-law, the Count and Countess DE CHATEAUBRIAND, and of several of his connexions and friends.

An incident of rather a romantic character occurred during his residence at Beccles. He was well received in the provincial society, and had formed an intimacy with the family of a clergyman in particular. This clergyman had a beautiful daughter of the name of CHARLOTTE. She was an excellent musician, and charmed the poetic Frenchman with her performances, while he, in return, read and commented upon passages from the Italian poets. This young lady conceived an attachment for CHATEAUBRIAND, which appears to have been reciprocated by him. The consequence of his imprudent conduct, to call it by no harsher name, was an offer, on the part of her parents, of the hand of CHARLOTTE,—an offer, very disinterested on their part, as he was an exile, poor, and homeless, and they were comparatively wealthy and possessed a good position in society. On the day fixed for his departure from Beccles, he had a private interview with the mother of the young lady, which ended in the following scene. Having communicated the sentiments of the family towards M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, or DE COMBOURG, as he called himself, she concluded by saying:

"Mr. — and myself have considered the matter; you are in all respects agreeable to us; we believe you would make our daughter happy. You have no country; you have just lost your relations; your property is sold; what then can recal you to France? Till you inherit

our property, you shall live with us." Of all the distress I ever experienced, that was the most sensible and the greatest! I threw myself at Mrs. —'s knees—I covered her hands with my kisses and tears. She thought these were tears of joy, and she began to sob from pleasure. She put out her hand to ring the bell,—called for her husband and her daughter. "Stop," I cried, "I am married!" She fainted. I went out, and without going to my room again, left the house on foot. I reached Beccles, and after having written a letter to Mrs. —, of which I regret not having kept a copy, I posted off to London.

According to the custom of M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, a long dissertation follows upon what might have been the effect upon his character and destiny of a marriage with CHARLOTTE, if circumstances had not rendered such a connexion impossible. He also discusses the share of blame which attached to his conduct on the occasion. After his return to London, his thoughts dwelt almost exclusively upon this lady. The imaginary sylphide of the Breton woods had given place in his waking dreams to the image of the English CHARLOTTE.

When CHATEAUBRIAND returned to England as the Ambassador of LOUIS XVIII., he met once again his first love. She was then the wife of an English Admiral, and came to request the French Ambassador to interest himself in procuring an appointment for her eldest son, which he was anxious to obtain.

CHATEAUBRIAND's first work, the "*Essai Historique sur les Révolutions*," was published in 1797. It made a sensation among the *émigrés*, and was praised in the English reviews. It is to this latter circumstance that he attributes, through self-love on their part, its and his own favourable reception by his companions in exile, for the praise which it had met with "was reflected upon all the faithful." He also heard that it had had great success in Paris; but there, among the tumult of events, it was soon forgotten again. Having now, as he says, "almost become a personage," he was gradually introduced into the best society among the *émigrés*, and became acquainted with many individuals distinguished by their birth, talent, beauty, or their destiny. Among these, he mentions with especial regard the poet FONTAINE, with whom he formed a lasting friendship.

The mother of CHATEAUBRIAND died in 1798. This event was notified to her son, by his sister Madame DE FAREY,—herself also dead ere he received her letter,—who at the same time, conjured him to give up writing, as the last days of their parent had been much embittered by the sentiments displayed in the "*Essai*." It is to this circumstance the world owes the *Génie du Christianisme*.

The idea of having poisoned the last days of her who had given me life, threw me into despair; I flung the copies of the *Essai* with horror into the fire, as the instruments of my crime; if it had been in my power to annihilate the work, I would have done it without hesitation. I did not recover from this distracted state of mind, until the thought occurred to me that I might expiate this first work by one of a religious character: such was the origin of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

So that it would seem this famous work is the result of the author's affectionate feelings towards the departed, rather than of his own unbiassed conscientious convictions and vital experience. Here is the account he gives of the state of his mind and his studies during its composition.

The work thus begun in 1799 in London, was not completed till 1802 in Paris: see its different prefaces. A sort of fever preyed on me during the whole time of its composition: none but he who has felt it can know what it was to bear Atala and Prenez at one time in the brain,

the blood and the soul, and to have added to the ideas of these hours of passion the labour of composing the other portions of the work. The recollection of Charlotte mingled as a warning ray with all my thoughts, and, to crown all, the first desire for fame inflamed my heated imagination. This desire was the result of filial tenderness; I longed for fame that it might ascend to my mother's dwelling-place, and that the angels might bring her my holy expiation. As one study leads to another, I could not occupy myself with my French researches without taking note of the literature and literary men of the country in which I was living: I was drawn away into other researches. My days and my nights were passed in reading, writing, taking lessons in Hebrew from a learned priest, the Abbé Casselau, consulting librarians and well-informed people, roaming in the fields indulging in my old habits of reverie, and in receiving and paying visits. If there are such things as retroactive and symptomatic effects of future events, I might have augured the sensation to be caused by the work which was to make a name for me, from the turmoil of my spirits and the palpitations of my muse.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND's reference to his English studies lead him into a discussion on our literature in general, and a few criticisms on the then living writers. He says:

In a living literature, no one is a competent judge, except of works written in his own language. It is vain to hope for a thorough feeling of a foreign idiom—the nurse-milk is wanting, as well as the first words which have been learnt while in our swaddling-clothes; certain tones can only belong to fatherland. Of all our men of letters, the English and the Germans have the most extraordinary notions; they admire what we despise, they despise what we admire; they neither understand Racine nor Lafontaine, nor even Molière completely. It makes one laugh to hear who are our great writers in London, Vienna, Berlin, Petersburg, Munich, Leipsic, Göttingen, and Cologne—to hear what people read with a rage, and what they do not read at all.

That there is some truth in this remark is evinced by some of this French author's opinions on English works. Take for instance this passage on the writings of Sir WALTER SCOTT.

The illustrious Scotch writer made his debut on the theatre of literature at the time of my exile in London, by a translation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. He continued to gain reputation by his poetry, and the bent of his inclination led him at length to the novel. He appears to me to have created a false species; he has perverted both the novel and history; the novelist has tried to write historical novels, and the historian to embellish histories. If, in reading Walter Scott, I am often obliged to pass by interminable conversations, it is, doubtless, my fault; but in my eyes, one of his great merits is, that his writings may be put into every one's hands. It demands much greater efforts of ability to interest while keeping within the limits of order, than to please while passing beyond its bounds; it is less easy to regulate the heart than to disturb it.

While agreeing most cordially to the truth of the last proposition, and attributing his want of appreciation of the merits and purpose of the historical novel to CHATEAUBRIAND, as an individual rather than as a Frenchman, it was probably owing to the latter circumstance, that he did not relish the beauty and dramatic excellence of Scott's dialogues, which constitute one of the chief features in his genius. He did not understand how true they were to human character, as it was most familiarly presented to the novelist, or how they spoke home to the daily experience and most familiar associations of his own countrymen.

Strangely enough, in discussing the life and genius of BYRON, CHATEAUBRIAND draws a parallel between the noble poet himself. We have only space for this short extract from it:

There may be, perhaps, some interest in observing hereafter the two chiefs of the new French and English schools—exhibiting so great a similarity in their ideas

and destinies, if not in their manners, the one a peer of England, the other a peer of France; both travellers in the East; the one often close upon the other, without their ever having actually met. The only difference is, that the life of the English poet has been mixed up with events far less important than mine.

We conclude our cursory notice of CHATEAUBRIAND's remarks on English literature, with the following striking passage on SHAKSPERE, and geniuses of the first class.

Shakspeare is one of five or six writers who satisfy all the wants of the mind, and furnish aliment to thought; their maternal geniuses seem to have brought forth and reared all the others. Homer impregnated antiquity: Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Horace, and Virgil, are his sons. Dante was the parent of modern Italy, from Petrarch to Tasso; Rabelais was the creator of French literature; Montaigne, Lafontaine and Molière, were his descendants. England is all Shakspeare, and even down to the latest times, he has lent his language to Byron, and his dialogue to Walter Scott. The claims of these supreme masters are often denied: men are guilty of rebellion against them; their defects are reckoned up; they are accused of *ennui*, tediousness, extravagance, and bad taste, even while men are engaged in plundering them, and adorning themselves with their spoils. Everything springs from them; their impress is everywhere to be seen; they invent words and names which go to swell the general vocabulary of the people: their expressions become proverbs, their fictitious persons are formed into real ones, who have heirs and lineage. They open up horizons from whence issue forth pencils of light; they sow ideas, which are the germs of thousands of others; they furnish conceptions, subjects, and styles to all the arts; their works are the mines, or the exhaustless treasures of the human mind. Such geniuses occupy the first rank; their immensity, their variety, their fertility, their originality, cause them from the first to be regarded as laws, examples, moulds, types of different intelligences, as there are four or five races of men from the same stock, of which the rest are merely branches.

The re-establishment of order under the first-consulship of BONAPARTE, permitted many of the *émigrés* to return to their native land. Of this number was M. de CHATEAUBRIAND, yielding, however, it would seem, rather to the persuasion of his fellow exiles, than to his own inclination. In France, as he says, he had no longer "either possessions or a home":—his mother, brother, and JULIA dead, LUCILE married, and his "young widow," knowing him only "by a union of a few months, by misfortune, and an absence of eight years."

Having obtained a passport, under a feigned name, as a Swiss of Neuchâtel, he quitted England in the spring of 1800. He compares the social manners of England and France.

I always cherished in my heart the recollection of and regret for England. I had lived there so long, that I had adopted all its usages; I could not endure the dirtiness of our houses, stairs, tables, our want of neatness, noise, familiarity, and the absurdity of our talk. I had become English in manner, looks, and to a certain extent in my manner of thinking, for if, as it is alleged, Lord Byron was sometimes inspired in his *Childe Harold* by René it must be confessed that eight years' residence in England, preceded by a voyage to America, and the long habit of speaking, writing, and even thinking English had produced a necessary effect on the turn and expression of my ideas. But by degrees, I began to enjoy the social qualities which distinguish us, that communion of minds, so charming, so rapid, and so easy, that absence of all haughtiness and prejudice, that disregard of fortune and names, and that natural level of all ranks; that equality of mind which renders French society incomparable, and redeems our faults. After being established for some months amongst us, a feeling grows up that it is impossible to enjoy life except in Paris.

This part concludes with a description, from which we make a short extract, of the aspect



of Paris in 1801, after the great revolutionary tempest had swept over it.

In 1801, I was present at the second social transformation. The confusion was ridiculous. By means of a suitable disguise, numbers of people passed for persons whom they were not; each wore his nickname, or his borrowed one, suspended from his neck, as the Venetians, during the Carnival, carry a small mask in their hands, to indicate that they are masked. One was reputed to be an Italian, another a Spaniard, a third a Prussian, a fourth a Dutchman; I was a Swiss. A mother passed as the aunt of her son, a father, as the uncle of his daughter; the proprietor of an estate, was only its manager. This movement recalled to my mind in an opposite sense, the movement of 1789, when the monks, and various religious orders were driven out of their cloisters, and the old condition of society was over-run by the new; the latter, after having displaced the former, was again displaced in its turn.

Here, for a space we leave CHATEAUBRIAND after a childhood and early youth of stifling gloom, and dreary monotony, and a manhood full of variety, adventure, and hardship, just previous to the commencement of his career as an author, and public character.

*Autobiography of Chateaubriand.* Vol. 1. London: Simms and McIntyre.

THIS is a new translation of the *Autobiography* which we have reviewed at such length, and which is now in progress. It has been added to the *Parlour Library*, and is the first of a series of works of general interest which it is intended by the spirited publishers to add to their attractive and popular series of novels. This volume takes us as far as Chateaubriand's visit to America.

*The Autobiography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry; from my own life. Also letters from my own life. Also Letters from Switzerland, and Travels in Italy.* Translated by the Rev. A. J. MORRISON, M. A. London: Bohn.

THE *Autobiography* of GOETHE addresses itself to the thoughtful rather than to the mere curiosity-hunter. It is a record of thoughts and feelings more than of events and actions. It is full of reflections, sometimes sound and sensible, often shadowy and shallow; a dreaminess is apparent here, as in all his works, and which he continually mistakes for profundity. His admirers have fallen into the same error, and fix their admiration upon that which is really a defect. But his *Autobiography* will always be valued and read with delight by the choicer minds of all countries in all future time, and be as immortal as that of Rousseau. The other contents of this volume are his letters written during his travels in Switzerland and Italy, and which have more of narrative and description, and are, therefore, likely to be more attractive to the general reader. This volume forms the last contribution to Mr. Bohn's inimitable *Standard Library*.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*Thoughts and Opinions of a Statesman.* Pickering. 1849.

THE thoughts and opinions of a statesman would naturally suggest the idea of something political; and, being in the form of letters, visions, perchance, might arise of Junius,—that phantom-writer, whose mysterious existence still remains a tantalizing query. But no Malthusian or Benthamite speculations are contained in this volume, neither is it written with the pen of party virulence: on the contrary, these are the thoughts of a man imbued with the best feelings of our nature.

They are the revelations of soul, which one high-minded individual makes to another in the familiar intercourse of epistolary correspondence.

The writer of these letters is WILHELM VON

HUMBOLDT (not the great traveller) but a man scarcely less celebrated. He acquired considerable fame as an oriental scholar, and was employed by his monarch in diplomatic affairs: amongst the rest he appeared as the envoy of Prussia, at the Congress of Vienna.

The little volume before us is an abridgment of a larger work, and is brought out by the editors of that excellent series of "Small Books on Great Subjects." It is an epitome of a Christian's life; and, as the preface says,

It is no recluse who here preaches, from his closet, the lessons of religion and virtue; it is the man of the world—the statesman—the diplomatist—whom we find teaching and acting upon the precepts of Christianity.

These letters were written to a lady who, it seems, HUMBOLDT knew in his early life; he speaks of their meeting in "Pyrmont as being a singular circumstance." We can imagine her to have been one of those beings that sometimes cross the poet's path, leaving a remembrance which never fades,—a sort of transient realization of the ideal, which seems somehow strangely associated with our mundane existence. They met first in youth,—in the morning of life; and then, to borrow a simile of Mrs. HEMANS—they parted, as ships on the ocean, to pursue their separate tracks. Nor did they meet again till the shades of evening were closing round them both. Her path was beset with the clouds of sorrow,—for she had lost all her property, and honourably maintained herself with the labour of her own hands. Under these circumstances their acquaintance was resumed, and a correspondence ensued, which was carried on for many years; in fact, till HUMBOLDT's death in 1835.

His letters are perfectly free from sentimentalism, though they are full of the kindest feelings. They contain the opinions of a man who has thought well and deeply on nearly every subject; and they are written in so natural a style, that we can fancy we are listening to an old friend. How excellent is this remark:

Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling in him, which is properly himself; but to whom he is often unfaithful. It is to this interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves; not to the changeable every-day man.

Speaking of care and vexation, he says,

The sun of the mind is the will; but when this is weakened it will not suffice. \* \* \* We have then need of faith. Faith only can raise us above our little daily life, and worldly business. \* \* \* It is to be valued more than happiness or gold or fortune,—it is the peace of the soul. \* \* \* He who lives in apparent happiness and even splendour needs this peace to the full as much as the wretch bending under misfortune; but he attains it with more difficulty.

Here is another phase of his mind:

The mere reality of life would be wretchedly poor, without the charms of fancy, which, though it may often bring causeless fears, as well as empty hopes in its company, yet oftener gives a bright and pleasing colouring to its delusions, than a dark one. This too is generally in one's own power, and it depends on our own mental disposition to see the bright side.

In another place he says,

I have especial delight in living face to face with nature in the country, so that I may watch the progress of every season in turn. Life may be viewed in the same manner. \* \* \* It is a self-delusion when we imagine that we could really wish to stand still at any period. The charm of youth is in the cheerful unembarrassed advance into life; and this would be lost, were it once believed that this apparent advance was never to lead a step forward, and merely resembled that of a convict on a treadmill. And the

same in age;—which contemplated fairly is nothing more than a looking forward from life. \* \* \* We look then at death as a natural step in the development of being.

Did our limits permit, we could gather a choice selection of extracts, but we reluctantly close our notice, with a strong recommendation to our readers, to procure this little book for themselves.

It must please as well as interest, and we are sure no one can rise from its perusal, without being profited morally and mentally. Amidst the materialism of every-day life, the thoughts of the excellent HUMBOLDT come like the dew from heaven, freshening the worldly heart: and teaching the important truth that there is "an inner man," a spiritual part of ourselves to which we have been too long unfaithful.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Nineveh and its Remains; with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the ancient Assyrians.* By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D.C.L. In 2 Volumes. Murray.

(Continued from page 76.)

We add some more of these, and containing a further picture of the people.

Next morning my workmen were increased by five Turcomans from Selamiyah, who had been attracted by the prospect of regular wages. I employed half of them in emptying the chamber partly uncovered on the previous day, and the rest in following the wall at the South-west corner of the mound. Before evening, the work of the first was completed, and I found myself in a room built of slabs about eight feet high, and varying from six to four feet in breadth, placed upright and closely fitted together. One of the slabs had fallen backwards from its place; and was supported, in a slanting position, by the soil behind. Upon it was rudely inscribed, in Arabic characters, the name of Ahmed Pasha, one of the former hereditary governors of Mosul. A native of Selamiyah remembered that some Christians were employed to dig into the mound about thirty years before, in search of stone for the repair of the tomb of Sultan Abd-Allah, a Mussulman saint, buried on the left bank of the Tigris, a few miles below its junction with the Zab. They uncovered this slab; but being unable to move it they cut upon it the name of their employer, the Pasha. My informant further stated, that in another part of the mound, he had forgotten the precise spot, they had found sculptured figures, which they broke in pieces, the fragments being used in the reparation of the tomb.

The bottom of the chamber was paved with smaller slabs than those employed in the construction of the walls. They were covered with inscriptions on both sides; and on removing one of them, I found that it had been placed upon a layer of bitumen, which must have been used in a liquid state, for it had retained, with remarkable distinctness and accuracy, an impression of the characters carved upon the stone. The inscriptions on the face of the upright slabs were about twenty lines in length, and all were precisely similar.

In one corner, as it has been observed, a slab was wanting, and although nothing could be traced, it was evident from the continuation of the pavement beyond the walls of the chamber, that this was the entrance. As the soil had been worn away by the rains to within a few inches of the tops of the upright slabs, I could form no conjecture as to the original height of the room, or as to how the walls were carried above the casing of alabaster.

In the rubbish near the bottom of the chamber I found several ivory ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding; amongst them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers designed with great taste and elegance. Awad, who had his

own suspicions of the object of my search, which he could scarcely persuade himself was limited to mere stones, carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold leaf he could find in the rubbish; and, calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. "O Bey," said he, "Wallah, your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Sheikh was much surprised and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He left me, muttering "Yia Rubbi!" and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.

The following is one of his

#### ADVENTURES IN YEZIDI.

Mirkan is one of the principal Yezidi settlements in the Sinjar. Its inhabitants had been exposed to great extortions, and many were put to death when Mohammed Pasha visited the mountain. They expected similar treatment at our hands. No promises could remove their fears, and they declared their intention of resolutely defending their village. The Pasha sent up an officer of his household, with a few irregular troops, to re-assure them, and to restore obedience. I accompanied him. As we entered the village we were received by a general discharge of fire-arms. Two horsemen, who had accidentally,—and as I thought at the time somewhat disrespectfully,—pushed forward before the officer and myself, fell dead at our feet, and several of our party were wounded. The Pasha, exasperated at this unprovoked and wanton attack, ordered an advance of the Hytas and Arab irregulars; who, long thirsting for plunder, hastened towards the village. The Yezidis had already deserted it, and had taken refuge in a narrow gorge; abounding in caverns and isolated rocks,—their usual place of refuge on such occasions.

The village was soon occupied; the houses were entered, and plundered of the little property that had been left behind. A few aged women and decrepit old men, too infirm to leave with the rest, and found hiding in the small dark rooms, were murdered, and their heads severed from their bodies. Blazing fires were made in the neat dwellings, and the whole village was delivered to the flames. Even the old Pasha, with his grey hair and tottering step, hurried to and fro amongst the smoking ruins, and helped to add the torch where the fire was not doing its work.

The old Turkish spirit of murder and plunder was roused; the houses were soon burnt to the ground; but the inhabitants were still safe. When the irregulars had secured all the property they could discover, they rushed towards the gorge, scarcely believing that the Yezidis would venture to oppose them. But they were received by a steady and well-directed fire. The foremost fell, almost to a man. The caverns were high up amongst the rocks, and all attempts to reach them completely failed. The contest was carried on till night: when the troops, dispirited and beaten, were called back to their tents.

In the evening the heads of the miserable old men and women, taken in the village, were paraded about the camp; and those who were fortunate enough to possess such trophies, wandered from tent to tent, claiming a present as a reward for their prowess. I appealed to the Pasha, who had been persuaded that every head brought to him was that of a powerful chief, and after some difficulty prevailed upon him to have them buried; but the troops were not willing to obey his orders, and it was late in the night before they were induced to resign their bloody spoil, which they had arranged in grim array, and lighted up with torches.

On the following morning the contest was renewed; but the Yezidis defended themselves with undiminished courage. The first who ventured into the gorge was the commander of a body of irregular troops, one Osman Agha, a native of Lazistan. He advanced boldly at the head of his men. On each side of him was a Suiter, with his small kettle drums by his side, and the tails of foxes in his cap. He had scarcely entered the valley, when two shots from the rocks above killed his two

supporters. The troops rushed forward, and attempted to reach the caves in which the Yezidis had taken refuge. Again they were beaten back by their unseen enemies. Every shot from the rocks told, whilst the Pasha's troops were unable to discover, but by the thin smoke which marked the discharge of the rifle, the position of those who defended the gorge. The contest lasted during the day, but without results. The loss of the Hytas was very considerable; not a cavern had been carried; nor a Yezidi, as far as the assailants could tell, killed, or even wounded.

Then the Pasha ordered a fresh attack. To encourage his men he advanced himself into the gorge, and directed his carpet to be spread on a rock. Here he sat, with the greatest apathy, smoking his pipe, and carrying on a frivolous conversation with me, although he was the object of the aim of the Yezidis, several persons within a few feet of us falling dead, and the balls frequently throwing up the dirt into our faces. Coffee was brought to him occasionally as usual, and his pipe was filled when the tobacco was exhausted, yet he was not a soldier, but what is termed "a man of the pen." I have frequently seen similar instances of calm indifference in the midst of danger amongst Turks, when such displays were scarcely called for, and would be very unwillingly made by any European. Notwithstanding the example set by his Excellency, and the encouragement which his presence gave to the troops, they were not more successful in their attempts to dislodge the Yezidis than they had been the day before. One after another the men were carried out of the ravine, dead or dying. The wounded were brought to the Pasha, who gave them water, money, or words of encouragement. The "Ordon cadesi," or Cadi of the camp, reminded them that it was against the infidels they were fighting; that every one who fell by the enemies of the prophet was rewarded with instant translation to Paradise; whilst those who killed an unbeliever were entitled to the same inestimable privilege. The dying were comforted, and the combatants animated by the promises and exhortations of the Cadi; who, however, kept himself well out of the way of danger behind a rock. He was a fanatic, the fellow; and his self-satisfied air and comfortable obesity, had created in me very strong feelings of indignation and disgust:—not diminished by the new principles of international law which he propounded, in my presence, to the Pasha.

"If I swore an oath to these unbelieving Yezidis," asked his Excellency, "and in consequence thereof, believing their lives to be secure, they should surrender, how far am I bound thereby?" "The Yezidis being infidels," replied his Reverence, smoothing down his beard, "are in the same category as other unbelievers,"—here his eye turned on me;—"as they do not understand the true nature of God, and of his prophet, they cannot understand the true nature of an oath; consequently it is not binding upon them; and therefore, as there is no reciprocity, it cannot be binding upon you. Not only could you put them to the sword, after they had surrendered upon the faith of your oath, but it is your duty as a good Mussulman to do so; for the unbelievers are the enemies of God and his prophet." Here he again honoured me with a particular look. The Pasha, as soon as the expounder of the law had departed, thought it necessary to condemn the atrocious doctrines which I had heard, and to assure me that the Cadi was an ass. This fanatic was half Kurd, half Arab, and was a specimen of the religious chiefs who dwell in Kurdistan, and in the towns on its borders; and are constantly inciting the Mohammedans against the Christians, and urging them to shed their blood. I need scarcely say that the abominable opinions which they profess, are not shared by any respectable Turk or Mussulman; and will no longer, it is to be hoped,—now that the Porte has established its authority in Kurdistan,—lead to massacres of the Sultan's Christian subjects.

We conclude with an account of

#### HIS FAREWELL PARTY.

Before my departure I was desirous of giving a last entertainment to my workmen, and to those who had kindly aided me in my labours. On the Western side of Kouynjik there is a small village. It belongs, with the mound, to a former slave of a Pasha of the Abd-el-Jellel family, who had received his liberty, and the land containing the ruins, as a reward for long and faithful services. This village was chosen for the fes-

tivities, and tents for the accommodation of all the guests were pitched around it. Large platters filled with boiled rice, and divers inexplicable messes, only appreciated by Arabs, and those who have lived with them—the chief components being garlic and sour milk—were placed before the various groups of men and women who squatted in circles on the ground. Dances were then commenced, and were carried on through the greater part of the night; the Tiyyari and the Arabs joining in them, or relieving each other by turns. The dancers were happy and enthusiastic, and kept up a constant shouting. The quiet Christian ladies of Mosul, who had scarcely before this occasion ventured beyond the walls of the town, gazed with wonder and delight on the scene; lamenting, no doubt, that the domestic arrangements of their husbands did not permit more frequent indulgence in such gayeties.

At the conclusion of the entertainment I spoke a few words to the workmen, inviting any who had been wronged, or ill-used, to come forward and receive such redress as it was in my power to afford, and expressing my satisfaction at the successful termination of our labours without a single accident. One Sheikh Khalaf, a very worthy man, who was usually the spokesman on such occasions, answered for his companions. They had lived, he said, under my shadow, and, God be praised, no one had cause to complain. Now that I was leaving, they should leave also, and seek the distant banks of the Khabour, where at least they would be far from the authorities, and be able to enjoy the little they had saved. All they wanted was each man a teskeré, or note, to certify that they had been in my service. This would not only be some protection to them, but they would show my writing to their children, and would tell them of the days they had passed at Nimroud. Please God, I should return to the Jebour, and live in tents with them on their old pasture-grounds, where there were as many ruins as at Nimroud, plenty of plunder within reach, and gazelles, wild boars, and lions for the chase. After Sheikh Khalaf had concluded, the women advanced in a body and made a similar address. I gave a few presents to the principal workmen and their wives, and all were highly satisfied with their treatment.

*Life in the Far West.* By GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON, Author of "Travels in Mexico." Edinburgh: Blackwood & Co. 1849.

No reader of THE CRITIC will have forgotten the singularly interesting *Adventures in Mexico*, which, about two years since, were reviewed in two or three successive numbers, and closed only with great reluctance, not because we or our readers were weary of it, but because it seemed a shame to take so much from so small a volume. The notice thus bestowed upon it by THE CRITIC had, however, the good effect of attracting to it the attention of the other journals, by whom it had been previously thrown aside, and an unanimous chorus of applause, and proportionate fame to the author, and profit to the publisher, followed, as of course.

The author of that remarkable book is the author of this one, almost more remarkable. But, alas! the writer is not now of the living. Although a young man, an accident has prematurely closed his adventurous career. In May last, having again crossed the Atlantic, he was seized with an illness, the remote result of a fall from a mule, and an injury of the spine thus occasioned. He died at St. Louis, on the Mississippi, at the early age of 28.

Lieutenant GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON was one of those men who are found only among the Saxon race; men of indomitable courage, iron frames, and an insatiable desire to dare difficulty and danger for the sheer love of subduing it. At the age of seventeen, Ruxton quitted Sandhurst expressly to learn practically the art of war in Spain. He was actively engaged in many of the battles, and received from the Queen the cross of the first-



class of the order of St. Fernando. On his return he was gazetted to a commission in the 89th regiment, which he accompanied to Canada, and there made his first acquaintance with Indian life. This kindled within him his natural thirst for adventure, and, resigning his commission, he plunged into the wilds to explore the domains of the Red Indian and the Trapper. He thus enthusiastically depicts the

#### PLEASURES OF LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"Although liable to an accusation of barbarism," he writes, "I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayote which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine-logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing contentedly at rest over their picket fire, I would sit cross-legged, enjoying the genial warmth, and pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upwards, building castles in its vapoury wreaths, and, in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life; and, unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

Returning to Europe, he planned an exploring expedition to Central Africa. With a single companion, he landed on the coast, and commenced his inland journey. But the obstacles were invincible, without greater resources than he possessed. He returned to England to request aid from the Government, and the Royal Geographical Society reported in favour of his application. But delays and obstacles were interposed, and then it was that, in disgust, he turned to Mexico. The results of his visit are contained in the delightful volume of which we have already spoken. It was after his return, and while his Mexican travels were passing through the press, that he offered to *Blackwood's Magazine* the narrative contained in the volume before us. With the usual sagacity that directs the choice of that Magazine, it was at once accepted, and appeared in successive numbers. Ignorant of the author's name, we had shared the general belief that substantially the story was a fiction, although certainly one well acquainted with the country and the inhabitants. We are, however, assured in the preface that "the scenes described are pictures from life, the results of the author's personal experience."

As our readers are aware, it is a wholesome rule with us not to review at any length books which are merely reprints; but to that rule we make exceptions in cases of special interest, either from the intrinsic importance of the subject, or some uncommon excellence in its treatment. We are quite sure our readers will thank us for departing from that general rule in the present instance.

Here is an "over true tale" of

#### LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

"And Mary Brand herself—what is she like?" "She's 'some' now; that is a fact, and the biggest kind of punkin at that," would have been the answer

from any man, woman, or child in Memphis County, and truly spoken too; always understanding that the pumpkin is the fruit by which the *ne-plus-ultra* of female perfection is expressed amongst the figuratively-speaking westerners.

Being an American woman, of course she was tall, and straight and slim as a hickory sapling, well-formed withal, with rounded bust, and neck white and slender as the swan's. Her features were small, but finely chiselled; and in this, it may be remarked, the lower orders of the American women differ from, and far surpass the same class in England, or elsewhere, where the features, although far prettier, are more vulgar and commonplace. Mary Brand had the bright blue eye, thin nose, and small but sweetly-formed mouth, the too fair complexion and dark brown hair, which characterise the beauty of the Anglo-American, the heavy masses (hardly curls), that fell over her face and neck contrasting with their polished whiteness. Such was Mary Brand; and when to her good looks are added a sweet disposition, and all the best qualities of a thrifty housewife, it must be allowed that she fully justified the eulogiums of the good people of Memphis.

Well, to cut a love-story short, in which not a little moral courage is shown, young La Bonté fell desperately in love with the pretty Mary, and she with him; and small blame to her, for he was a proper lad of twenty-six feet in his moccasins—the best hunter and rifle-shot in the country, with many other advantages too numerous to mention. But when did the course, &c., e'er run smooth? When the affair had become a recognized "courtship" (and Americans alone know the horrors of such prolonged purgatory), they became, to use La Bonté's words, "awful fond," and consequently about once a-week had their tiffs and makes-up.

However, on one occasion, at a "husking," and during one of these tiffs, Mary, every inch a woman, to gratify some indescribable feeling, brought to her aid jealousy—that old serpent who has caused such mischief in this world; and by a flirtation over the corn-cobs with Big Pete, La Bonté's former and only rival, struck so hard a blow at the latter's heart, that on the moment his brain caught fire, blood danced before his eyes, and he became like one possessed. Pete observed and enjoyed his struggling emotion—better for him had he minded his corn-shelling alone;—and the more to annoy his rival, paid the most sedulous attention to pretty Mary.

Young La Bonté stood it as long as human nature, at boiling heat, could endure; but when Pete, in the exultation of his apparent triumph, crowned his success by encircling the slender waist of the girl with his arm, and snatching a sudden kiss, he jumped upright from his seat, and seizing a small whisky-keg which stood in the centre of the corn-shellers, he hurled it at his rival, and crying to him, hoarse with passion, "to follow if he was a man," he left the house.

At that time, and even now, in the remotest states of the western country, rifles settled even the most trivial differences between the hot-blooded youths; and of such frequent occurrence and invariably bloody termination did these encounters become, that they scarcely produced sufficient excitement to draw together half-a-dozen spectators.

In the present case, however, so public was the quarrel, and so well known the parties concerned, that not only the people who had witnessed the affair, but all the neighbourhood, thronged to the scene of action, in a large field in front of the house, where the preliminaries of a duel between Pete and La Bonté were being arranged by their respective friends.

Mary, when she discovered the mischief her thoughtlessness was likely to occasion, was almost beside herself with grief, but she knew how vain it would be to attempt to interfere. The poor girl, who was most ardently attached to La Bonté, was carried, swooning, into the house, where all the women congregated, and were locked in by old Brand, who, himself an old pioneer, thought but little of bloodshed, but refused to let the "women folk" witness the affray.

Preliminaries arranged, the combatants took up their respective positions at either end of a space marked for the purpose, at forty paces from each other. They were both armed with heavy rifles, and had the usual hunting-pouches, containing ammunition, hanging over the shoulder. Standing with the butts of their rifles on the ground, they confronted each other, and the crowd drawing away a few paces only on each side, left one man to

give the word. This was the single word "fire;" and, after this signal was given, the combatants were at liberty to fire away until one or the other dropped.

At the word, both the men quickly raised their rifles to the shoulder and, whilst the sharp cracks instantaneously rang, they were seen to flinch, as either felt the pinging sensation of a bullet entering his flesh. Regarding each other steadily for a few moments, the blood running down La Bonté's neck from a wound under the left jaw, whilst his opponent was seen to place his hand once to his right breast, as if to feel the position of his wound, they commenced reloading their rifles. But, as Pete was in the act of forcing down the ball with his long hickory wiping-stick, he suddenly dropped his right arm—the rifle slipped from his grasp—and, reeling for a moment like a drunken man—he fell dead to the ground.

Even here, however, there was law of some kind or another, and the consequences of the duel were, that the constables were soon on the trail of La Bonté to arrest him. He easily avoided them, and, taking to the woods, lived for several days in as wild a state as the beasts he hunted and killed for his support.

Tired of this, he at last resolved to quit the country, and betake himself to the mountains, for which life he had never felt an inclination.

When, therefore, he thought the officers of justice had grown slack in their search of him, and that the coast was comparatively clear, he determined to start on his distant expedition to the Far West.

Once more, before he carried his project into execution, he sought and obtained a last interview with Mary Brand.

"Mary," said he, "I'm about to break. They're hunting me like a fall buck, and I'm bound to quit. Don't think any more about me, for I shall never come back."

Poor Mary burst into tears, and bent her head on the table near which she sat. When she again raised it, she saw La Bonté, his long rifle upon his shoulder, striding with rapid steps from the house. Year after year rolled on, and he did not return.

#### By way of variety let us turn to

##### A SCENE ON THE MISSOURI.

It was the latter end of May, towards the close of the season of heavy rains, which in early spring render the climate of this country almost intolerable, at the same time that they fertilize and thaw the soil, so long bound up by the winter's frost. The grass was every where luxuriantly green; and gaudy flowers dotted the surface of the prairie. This term, however, should hardly be applied to the beautiful undulating scenery of this park-like country. Unlike the flat monotony of the Grand Plains, here well wooded uplands, clothed with forest trees of every species, and picturesque dells, through which run clear bubbling streams belted with gay-blossomed shrubs, every where present themselves; whilst on the level meadow-land, tops of trees with spreading foliage afford a shelter to the game and cattle, and well-timbered knolls rise at intervals from the plain.

Many clear streams dashing over their pebbly beds intersect the country, from which, in the noon-day's heat, the red-deer jump, shaking their wet sides, as the noise of approaching man disturbs them; and booming grouse rise from the tall luxuriant herbage at every step. Where the deep escarpments of the river banks exhibit the section of the earth, a rich alluvial soil of surpassing depth courts the cultivation of civilised man; and in every feature it is evident that here nature has worked with kindest and most bountiful hand.

For hundreds of miles along the western or right bank of the Missouri does a country extend, with which, for fertility and natural resources, no part of Europe can stand comparison. Sufficiently large to contain an enormous population, it has, besides, every advantage of position, and all the natural capabilities which should make it the happy abode of civilised man. Through this unpeopled country the United States pours her greedy thousands, to seize upon the barren territories of her feeble neighbour.

Aldermanic capacities of stomach are but as the appetite of a love-sick girl compared with the gormandizing powers of

##### A PRAIRIE HUNTERS' FEAST.

Now, for the first time, he was initiated in the

mysteries of "butchering." He watched the hunters as they turned the carcase on the belly, stretching out the legs to support it on each side. A transverse cut was then made at the nape of the neck, and, gathering the long hair of the boss in one hand, the skin was separated from the shoulder. It was then laid open from this point to the tail, along the spine, and then, freed from the sides and pulled down to the brisket, but still attached to it, was stretched upon the ground to receive the dissected portions. Then the shoulder was severed, the fleece removed from along the backbone, and the hump-ribs cut off with a tomahawk. All this was placed upon the skin; and after the "boudins" had been withdrawn from the stomach, and the tongue—a great dainty—taken from the head, the meat was packed upon the mule, and the whole party hurried to camp rejoicing.

There was merry-making in the camp that night, and the way they indulged their appetites—or, in their own language, "throw'd" the meat "cold"—would have made the heart of a dyspeptic leap for joy or burst with envy. Far into the "still watches of the tranquil night" the fat-clad "depuille" saw its fleshy mass grow small by degrees and beautifully less, before the trenchant blades of the hungry mountaineers; appetising yards of well-browned "boudin" slipped glibly down their throats; rib after rib of tender hump was picked and flung to the wolves; and when human nature, with helpless gratitude, and confident that nothing of superexcellent comestibility remained, was lazily wiping the greasy knife that had done such good service,—a skilful hunter was seen to chuckle to himself as he raked the deep ashes of the fire, and drew therefrom a pair of tongues so admirably baked, so soft, so sweet, and of such exquisite flavour, that a veil is considerably drawn over the effects their discussions produced in the mind of our greenhorn La Bonté, and the raptures they excited in the bosom of that, as yet, most ignorant mountaineer. Still, as he ate he wondered, and wondering admired, that nature, in giving him such profound gastronomic powers, and such transcendent capabilities of digestion, had yet bountifully provided an edible so peculiarly adapted to his ostrich-like appetite, that after consuming nearly his own weight in rich and fat buffalo meat, he felt as easy and as little incommoded as if he had lightly supped on strawberries and cream.

The passion for gambling prevails among the unhappy tribes of Indians who are brought in contact with the white trappers and traders. An instance of this is related by Mr. Ruxton.

#### INDIAN GAMBLING.

When playing at the usual game of "hand," the stakes, comprising all the valuables the players possess, are piled in two heaps close at hand, the winner at the conclusion of the game sweeping the goods towards him, and often returning a small portion "on the prairie," with which the loser may again commence operations with another player.

The game of "hand" is played by two persons. One, who commences, places a plum or cherry-stone in the hollow formed by joining the concave palms of the hands together, then shaking the stone for a few moments, the hands are suddenly separated, and the other player must guess which hand now contains the stone.

Large bets are often wagered on the result of this favourite game, which is also often played by the squaws, the men standing round encouraging them to bet, and laughing loudly at their grotesque excitement.

A Burnt-wood Sioux, Tah-tunganisha, one of the bravest chiefs of his tribe, was out, when a young man, on a solitary war expedition against the Crows. One evening he drew near a certain "medicine" spring, where, to his astonishment, he encountered a Crow warrior in the act of quenching his thirst. He was on the point of drawing his bow upon him, when he remembered the sacred nature of the spot, and making the sign of peace, he fearlessly drew near his foe, and proceeded likewise to slake his thirst. A pipe of kinnikinnik being produced, it was proposed to pass away the early part of the night in a game of "hand." They accordingly sat down beside the spring, and commenced the game.

Fortune favoured the Crow. He won arrow after arrow from the Burnt-wood brave; then his bow, his club, his knife, his robe followed, and the Sioux sat

naked on the plain. Still he proposed another stake against the other's winnings—his scalp. He played, and lost; and bending forward his head, the Crow warrior drew his knife and quickly removed the bleeding prize. Without a murmur the luckless Sioux rose to depart, but first exacted a promise from his antagonist that he would meet him once more at the same spot, and engage in another trial of skill.

On the day appointed, the Burnt-wood sought the spot, with a new equipment, and again the Crow made his appearance, and they sat down to play. This time fortune changed sides; the Sioux won back his former losses, and in his turn the Crow was stripped to his skin.

Scalp against scalp was now the stake, and this time the Crow submitted his head to the victorious Burnt-wood's knife; and both the warriors stood scalpless on the plain.

And now the Crow had but one single stake of value to offer, and the offer of it he did not hesitate to make. He staked his life against the other's winnings. They played; and fortune still being adverse, he lost. He offered his breast to his adversary. The Burnt-wood plunged his knife into his heart to the very hilt; and, laden with his spoils, returned to his village, and to this day wears suspended from his ears his own and enemy's scalp.

Mr. Ruxton wandered into California, and, as everything relating to that country is interesting now, we take one of his reminiscences of it.

#### CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of one of these missions, to the traveller who has lately passed the arid and barren wilderness of the north-west. The adobe walls of the convent-looking building, surmounted by cross and belfry, are generally hidden in a mass of luxuriant vegetation. Fig-trees, bananas, cherry, and apple, leaf-spreading platanos, and groves of olives, form umbrageous vistas, under which the sleek monks delight to wander; gardens, cultivated by their own hands, testify to the horticultural skill of the worthy padres; whilst vineyards yield their grateful produce to gladden the hearts of the holy exiles in these western solitudes. Vast herds of cattle roam half-wild on the plains, and bands of mules and horses, whose fame has even reached the distant table-lands of the Rocky Mountains, and excited the covetousness of the hunters—and thousands of which, from the day they are foaled to that of their death, never feel a saddle on their backs—cover the country. Indians (Mansitos) idle round the skirts of these vast herds (whose very numbers keep them together), living, at their own choice, upon the flesh of mule, or ox, or horse.

#### Again,

The mission of San Fernando is situated on a small river called Las Animas, a branch of the Los Martires. The convent is built at the neck of a large plain, at the point of influx of the stream from the broken spurs of the Sierra. The Savana is covered with luxuriant grass, kept down, however, by the countless herds of cattle which pasture on it. The banks of the creek are covered with a lofty growth of oak and poplar, which, near the Mission, have been considerably thinned for the purpose of affording fuel and building materials for the increasing settlement. The convent stands in the midst of a grove of fruit trees, its rude tower and cross peeping above them, and contrasting picturesquely with the wildness of the surrounding scenery. Gardens and orchards lie immediately in front of the building, and a vineyard stretches away to the upland ridge of the valley. The huts of the Indians are scattered here and there, built of stone and adobe, sometimes thatched with flags and boughs, but comfortable enough. The convent itself is a substantial building, of the style of architecture characterising monastic edifices in most parts of the world. Loopholes peer from its plastered walls, and on a flat portion of the roof a comically mounted gongall or wall-piece, carrying a two-pound ball, threatens the assailant in time of war. At one end of the oblong building, a rough irregular arch of sun-burned bricks is surmounted by a rude cross, under which hangs a small but deep-toned bell—the wonder of the Indian peones, and highly venerated by the frayles themselves, who received it as a present from a certain

venerable archbishop of Old Spain, and who, whilst guarding it with reverential awe, tell wondrous tales of its adventures on the road to its present abiding place.

On the borders of California they fell in with the Mormons, of whom we have lately heard so much, and this is Mr. Ruxton's description of them.

#### THE MORMONS IN CALIFORNIA.

In the wide and well-timbered bottom of the Arkansas, the Mormons had erected a street of log shanties, in which to pass the inclement winter. These were built of rough logs of cottonwood, laid one above the other, the interstices filled with mud, and rendered impervious to wind or wet. At one end of the row of shanties was built the "church" or temple—a long building of huge logs, in which the prayer-meetings and holdings-forth took place. The band wintering on the Arkansas were a far better class than the generality of Mormons, and comprised many wealthy and respectable farmers from the western states, most of whom were accustomed to the life of woodmen, and were good hunters. Thus they were enabled to support their families upon the produce of their rifles, frequently sallying out to the nearest point of the mountains with a waggon, which they will bring back loaded with buffalo, deer, and elk meat, thereby saving the necessity of killing any of their stock of cattle, of which but few remained.

The mountain hunters found this camp a profitable market for their meat and deer-skins, with which the Mormons were now compelled to clothe themselves, and resorted there for that purpose—to say nothing of the attraction of the many really beautiful Missourian girls who sported their tall graceful figures at the frequent fandangoes. Dancing and preaching go hand in hand in Mormon doctrine, and the "temple" was generally cleared for a hop two or three times during the week, a couple of fiddles doing the duty of orchestra. A party of mountaineers came in one day, bringing some buffalo meat and dressed deer-skins, and were invited to be present at one of these festivals.

Arrived at the temple, they were rather taken aback by finding themselves in for a sermon, which one of the elders delivered preparatory to the "physical exercise." The preacher was one Brown—called, by reason of his commanding a company of Mormon volunteers, "Cap'en Brown"—a hard-featured, black-coated man of five-and-forty, correctly got up in black continuations, and white handkerchief round his neck, a costume seldom seen at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Cap'en, rising, cleared his voice, and thus commenced, first turning to an elder (with whom there was a little rivalry in the way of preaching):—"Brother Dowdle!"—(brother Dowdle blushed and nodded: he was a long tallow-faced man, with black hair combed over his face)—"I feel like holding forth a little this afternoon, before we glorify the Lord,—a—a—in the—a—holy dance. As there are a many strange gentlemen now—a—present, it's about right to tell 'em—a—what our doctrine just is, and so I tells 'em right off what the Mormons is. They are the chosen of the Lord; they are the children of glory, persecuted by the hand of man: they flies here to the wilderness, and, amongst the *Injine* and the buffer, they lifts up their heads, and crys with a loud voice, Susannah, and hurray for the promised land! Do you believe it? I know it."

"They wants to know whar we're going. Whar the church goes—thar we goes. Yes, to hell, and pull the devil off his throne—that's what we'll do. Do you believe it? I know it."

"Thar's milk and honey in that land as we're goin' to, and the lost tribes of Israel is thar, and will jine us. They say as we'll starve on the road, bekase thar's no game and no water; but thar's manna up in heaven, and it'll rain on us, and thar's prophets among us can make the water 'come.' Can't they, brother Dowdle?"

"Well, they can."

"And now, what have the Gentiles and Philistines to say against us Mormons? They says we're thieves, and steal hogs; yes, d—'em! they say we has as many wives as we like. So we have. I've twenty—forty, myself, and mean to have as many more as I can get. But it's to pass unfortunate females into heaven that I has 'em—yes, to prevent 'em going to roaring flames and damnation that I does it."

"Brother Dowdle," he continued, in a hoarse, low



voice, "I've 'give out,' and think we'd better begin the exercises grateful to the Lord."

Brother Dowdle rose, and, after saying that "he didn't feel like saying much, begged to remind all hands, that dancing was solemn like, to be done with proper devotion, and not with laughing and talking, of which he hoped to hear little or none; that joy was to be in their hearts, and not on their lips; that they danced for the glory of the Lord, and not their own amusement, as did the Gentiles." After saying thus, he called upon brother Ezra to "strike up:" sundry couples stood forth, and the ball commenced.

Ezra of the violin was a tall, shambling Missourian, with a pair of "homespun" pantaloons thrust into the legs of his heavy boots. Nodding his head in time with the music, he occasionally gave instructions to such of the dancers as were at fault, singing them to the tune he was playing, in a dismal nasal tone,—

"Down the centre—hands across,"  
"You, Jake Herring—thump it,"  
"Now, you all go right a-head,—  
Every one of you hump it."  
Every one of you—hump it."

The last words being the signal that they should clap the steam on, which they did *con amore*, and with comical seriousness.

Both the book club and the circulating library should order this volume.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Science of Life; or How to Live and what to Live for. With Practical Remarks on the Health, Diet, and Longevity.* By a Physician. London: Kent and Richards. 1849.

A LITTLE book abounding in sound, sensible, and practical advice for the management of health from infancy to old age. The writer informs us that he is a husband, a father, and a physician, and in this triple capacity he has sought from experience the best method of preserving a sound mind in a sound body. His instructions are eminently judicious. He does not recommend more than any careful person could conveniently practice. He is no ascetic; he does not object to harmless indulgences, but whatever is cheerful and innocent, pleasant and innoxious, he permits to those who adopt his advice. He writes in a plain and intelligible style, so that he will be readily understood even by those who are least informed, and the result of his directions would no doubt be "a long life and a happy one." It is a manual which every household should possess and which young and old will read with profit.

#### FICTION.

*The Fountain of Arethusa.* By ROBERT EYRES LANDOR, M.A. Author of "The Fawn of Soterius," &c. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

AN ingenious fiction, designed to compare society as it is with society as it should be, or rather to contrast profession and action, in individuals and in communities. The author is a brother of the venerable WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, and there is a kindred cast of mind, inasmuch that in some of the dialogues, of which great part of the work consists, we almost imagine that we see the vigorous hand of him who has called up out of their graves so many of the great dead to discourse wisdom to us after their several fashions.

The object of this book is to teach philosophy through the medium of fiction and to illustrate argument by examples. But, incidentally the author has thrown into it a vast amount of learning, historical, classical, and scientific, and he has invested the whole with the hues of a glowing imagination and the charms of a nervous and manly eloquence.

The story is of one ANTONY LUGWARDINE, an English gentleman, who has learned the

modern Greek tongue at Smyrna, and who has retired from the cares and gains of life to a small estate which he possesses in Derbyshire. In his neighbourhood there dwells one Mr. BARTHOLOMEW HORNCastle, a quaker, and with whom LUGWARDINE makes acquaintance. This personage is described as a short, compact, very well-looking person, rather full than fat, with delicate skin, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, flaxen hair, frame strongly built, limbs and features symmetrically proportioned, numbering some thirty-six or thirty-seven successful years, and dressed in the soberest costume of the second-class quaker. His character is drawn with great elaboration; as a man at once of reflection and of action, with an eye ever to the main chance, but bigotted to his own religious views and measuring all right and wrong by the rules of his own sect. Near them is a cavern in which the quaker imagines that he has espied some rich veins of lead ore. Anticipating large profits, he persuades his neighbour to join him in the enterprise, and fearing to entrust the discovery to others, they resolve upon exploring the cavern alone. They had noticed that a considerable portion of the floor was covered with water; so they privately carry thither a boat to assist them in their researches. Mr. HORNCastle brings a large trunk, with candles and provisions, and, without informing anybody whither they were bound, they proceed to the cave. But in their eagerness they remove a prop at the entrance: the roof, at that part, falls in, and to their dismay, they find themselves buried alive.

As soon as the dust had ceased to suffocate us, we raised our lanterns, and would have rushed forth. Alas, the journey was short in that direction! Without exchanging one word, we returned to our first position by the boat, and sat down. A hundred miners in a hundred months could not approach us. Jacob Blizzard would conclude that we had been overwhelmed while standing upon the place so lately left by him, crushed beneath ten thousand tons at least. It would be like searching for two butterflies under a fallen pyramid. Mr. Miller, my father-in-law, who on the little Antonies' behalf must officiate as executor and trustee, was not silly enough to waste his time for no better purpose than the coroner's satisfaction. Exclusive of the two surviving Antonies, he had fifteen other children to think about. Buried I was already, without his intervention, as effectually, and under as many stones, as the eldest of the Pharaohs.

As soon as they had a little recovered from their first terror, they looked anxiously about for some means of escape. All was closed behind them for ever, and nothing remained for them but to advance into the cave. They urge their oars, and as they advance they find the water becoming deeper and the cave wider; from almost stillness there was soon a perceptible stream, and then a rapid current, which they could not have resisted had they desired to do so.

There is no doubt that any one of the geological professors would have given both his ears for a passage with us; and yet, as far as the present exercises of his science might be concerned, the price would have proved too much. Here was no leisure for the selection of specimens; and, though we had one in our punt, no stopping-places for the hammer. A much better geologist than myself might have learnt as little. He must have possessed sharp eyes who could distinguish, in such a tumult and by such a light, porphyry from pudding-stone—syenite from chalcedony—quartz or gneiss from grawacke of the third formation and mica slate. Some rocks were hurried by which dazzled us with the glitter of their crystals. We passed through a long grotto, loftily arched, that reflected even such feeble rays as those by which it was now illuminated for the first time, with almost insufferable splendour. Mr.

Horncastle's countenance seemed to be on fire—all the colours of the rainbow, and ten thousand more, blazed everywhere around us—and we both gasped for breath. Another minute consigned us to the darkness against which our torches and lanterns contended almost in vain, even for a few yards above or on either side. Then awful and prodigious shapes presented themselves, but so obscurely that, at last, they may have been no worse than the suggestions of fancy strongly inflamed. That cat-shaped head, with huge round ears larger than either the wheels or the tilt of a stage-waggon, and whiskers thicker than its shafts—that snake-like backbone longer than Oxford Street, which the waters had exposed knot by knot, joint by joint—were they indeed remnants of organized life in the first formation, or the mere mockeries of fantastic nature? Under those vast caverns, which are discerned so far off by some sultry and sullen glare arising from themselves, do we behold fire without flame, not smoking but smouldering century after century? If so, there wants but the very probable misdirection of our stream toward that furnace, and then the earthquake, the volcano, the creation of a new island or two, the destruction of twenty cities."

For more than fifteen days they are hurried down this rapid to a depth, estimated by Mr. LUGWARDINE as considerably below the Atlantic. At length just as their last candle was burnt out, and their last morsel of food eaten, they reach a huge whirlpool. Round and round they wheel, until the boat upsets, they are thrown into the flood and prepare to die. But gigantic weeds give them a holdfast, and after a struggle they are flung upon land.

This mysterious stream was *The Fountain of Arethusa*. The place in which they now find themselves is the Under-world, which is governed by the law of gravity reversed, the abode of the departed souls from the world above previous to the Christian era. An immovable sun here makes perpetual day. Time is marked only by periodical showers; there is no animal life, but abundance of fruit and vegetables. The new comers look about them and from a height espy a magnificent city, which proves to be the abode of the old Romans. The people are all under the influence of a single moral law; *hope and desire* are extinguished, but *memory* has become perfect and eternal. Whatever has been once known is indelible, and, therefore, whatever they did on earth is ever before them to excite pleasure or pain, joy or sadness. The mind of each is its own paradise or hell, and the knowledge of this destroys all sense of jealousy or of revenge. The *habits* contracted above ground also abide by them there, so that such as were commenced in life, and whether good or evil, grow and perfect themselves. They are not flesh, nor spirit, but light bodies, fed by the light Elysian fruits, never sleeping, never growing weary. Their only labour is building, in which they have acquired great skill, by improving their knowledge and taste gained on earth. If they approve the good deeds of any of their fellow-beings, they express their admiration by erecting a superb edifice for his use.

The appearance of two real corporeal men from the upper world, of course, excites an immense commotion in this community, which had not received a single addition since a period which our travellers soon ascertained to have been the era of the birth of Christ; this fact makes them the more curious to learn what event it was that had put so sudden a stop to the stream of emigration thither. Our travellers, on the other hand, were equally desirous to see this spectre of the old world, of which they had heard and read so much, and to be introduced to the various great men who had figured in those days of old. The dialogues that ensue are the substance of the

book and the object to introduce which the fiction was framed. From this portion we can only take some miscellaneous passages, which will show the spirit in which Mr. LANDOR philosophizes and the excellent use he makes of the wide range of topics suggested by the meeting of men belonging to epochs so wide apart.

The philosophers and statesmen of the under-world are especially anxious to learn what is that Christianity which had displaced the religion of which they had any knowledge and what were the practical benefits it had produced in directing men's actions; CICERO inquires particularly whether Christianity, which so emphatically denounces wealth and the love of it, had annihilated the race of misers and usurers. He is astonished to hear that they still exist and flourish, and that men are just as eager in the pursuit of wealth, now that they profess to despise it, and assert it to be dangerous—as when it was deemed to be no offence against religion. CICERO's exclamations are full of eloquence, and alas! but too just.

Yet telling me this, my guest also says, that hardly Crassus was so rich as many among his countrymen; hardly one Roman citizen so poor, or one Roman slave so ill-fed, as are some millions of Christians! He says that the extremities of want and splendour may be seen daily within a few paces from one another! That the worshippers of this holy Teacher accumulate three times as much money as they can need either for themselves or their heirs. That among such penny and distress, many who must find successors abroad and with difficulty by adoption, pick up gold and silver at every step, and carry them hidden in their bosoms as far as to the sepulchre. Others, if they be healthy and sensual, mock the miserable by ostentatious self-indulgence, at tables too profuse for the refined, and too tumultuous for the social. Plebeians, wealthy through sordid traffic, squander more than Asiatic riches on their sports, on their luxuries, on their vices, but seldom, if they can help it, on their neighbours. He says that not one of his countrymen now living has ever built an aqueduct for the public convenience, or a fountain, or a bath, or a forum; but that many patrician Christians worship in temples neither so spacious, nor so costly, nor so clean, nor so appropriately decorated, as their kitchens and stables.

Look at this man! Why should he deceive us? Why lie maliciously to his country's dishonour, and injuriously to his own? Yet how can we give credit to customs so impious and so abhorrent from common sense? We, too, had our usurers extortionately intent on dying rich; but such people talked not of virtue; no pretences were made by them to religious obedience. They were not the disciples of a benevolent Master: saving or stealing, exacting or defrauding, it was not in defiance of a revelation from God. No other criminals can have been more atrociously wicked than were many of ours; but then hardly any other men can have lived under a responsibility less intelligible or assured. Like revolted gladiators, who had taken possession of a city in which there were neither governors nor magistrates, we did as we pleased. But these Christians, as they call themselves, believe that their Master is watching them; that their Father is grieving for them,—a master and a father sent to them from God! They have access, it seems, to sacred books, to living oracles, to a present Deity! Reading lessons, every day, which they never practise; praying for guidance, every day, which they never follow; they talk, nay, they quarrel, too, about their religion! Again, let me remind you that I now speak, not of the profane, the reprobate, the hypocritical; but of wise and careful men; of chaste and temperate women; of their vestals, their matrons, their flames, their augurs,—all comprehended in what they call a Christian community.

And there is a bitter sarcasm in the following:—

"Cicero.—We save so much of your time as would have been required to repeat and explain those elementary principles, which, however consistent in themselves, appear irreconcilable with the practice of Christians. Our new guests have heard from us no

partial or inaccurate report of laws given by a divine authority; laws consistent with wisdom, and designed for your present as well as your future good; laws plainly written with conditions annexed to them of happiness or misery; which, nevertheless, you violate rather contumaciously than carelessly every day. To prevent confusion, it is determined that our farther inquiry shall be prosecuted by Aristotle, Atticus, and myself; the two judges interposing only for such additional information as they may need. You will suffer no embarrassment from the captious subtleties of unfriendly pleaders; our single care is to reach the truth; the justest and the greatest among mankind must decide upon it. It will obviate future misapprehensions and evasions if I remind you that they are not your tempers and passions accidentally inflamed, of which we speak, but of your deliberate choice and habitual preference, of the pursuits to which you devote your time and thoughts, studiously, laboriously, and often distastefully; for unless your nature differ greatly from ours, the accumulation of riches must be less pleasurable than the expenditure of them: they are collected that they may be dispersed. But your industry begins early, its eagerness lasts all life through; and the expected fruits are the reclamations of reason, the reproaches of conscience, and God's displeasure. In disregard of your peace, in despite of your religion, you will become rich. More money than you want, than you spend, than you think advantageous to your heirs, is coveted and saved. Or is it asked whether in Greece and Rome there were no misers? They are not your misers about whom we inquire. Our religion said little on the subject to warn us and dissuade us; its obligations were nothing stronger than conjecture and probability. We had no written laws, no revealed promises, no divine teachers.

"Lugwardine.—If what I said could have suggested the belief that all Christians are alike in this eagerness for wealth, or that their common Master is not gratefully revered by a countless host of disciples who study his laws only to obey them, I have misrepresented their sincerity and my own intention.

"Cicero.—You have said that the grave, the moral, the provident, and even the pious, are occupied till old age in collecting riches which they cannot want either for themselves or for their heirs; that the chief solicitude of a prudent Christian is the increase of his estate.

"Lugwardine.—Our world is grown populous enough since you left it to comprehend many classes even of the enlightened. I will confess that this eagerness for gain characterizes if not the greater certainly the graver class.

"Aristotle.—Let us move methodically in this new science, and feel secure that we understand its rudiments. As soon we have dismissed the richer Christians, I am desirous to learn something of the poorer.

"Atticus.—Alexander has said that there can be none. It is more easy to understand how some may become rich than how any can remain poor. The Christian religion enjoins beneficence among its disciples, or what our guest calls charity. A Christian is compassionate toward the unhappy. He must be gracious as well as just, courteous as well as tolerant. He rejoices to augment the Creator's glory through the creature's happiness. He cannot think habitually on the higher object of his love without some similar emotion towards the lower. Only the Christian may understand what this feeling signifies, and through what obligations it is to him so powerful. He must share his bread with the hungry till it be consumed, or till none can continue to hunger. Every man, however unworthy or ungrateful, if he be also unhappy, is entitled to his compassion.

"Aristotle.—Our respect for your capacity is not increased by the dishonest adroitness with which you advance and recede, affirm and retract. Qualify or equivocate as you may please, in such a community, while there is any wealth there can be no distress. Water will not more naturally descend to a lower level than its gold and silver."

As a specimen of Mr. LANDOR's classical acquirements and familiar acquaintance with whatever has been transmitted to us relating to the men and manners of ancient Rome, take this graphic sketch of

#### A ROMAN MILLIONAIRE.

You may not be ignorant of the proprietor, M. Crassus.

He possessed more houses than any other man ever did, in the world above; and if we may count this as the twelfth, at least six to one in the present world. In both there has been the same rapid succession of them. At Rome he purchased no inconsiderable proportion of the city and its violated Pomarium, not by streets only, but by wards, or, as we call them, regions. To render his bargains more expeditious and advantageous, he first secretly set them on fire. A much smaller sum than might otherwise have been demanded became sufficient to tempt the proprietor when his inheritance was in flames; and the tenant yielded his right of occupation so much the more readily. Partly in the same manner did he extend his provincial estates. It was not difficult to convince a reluctant neighbour that he would, perhaps, find himself more pleasantly situated elsewhere, after his corn had been burnt, his horses, and his oxen driven away, his servants claimed from him as fugitives, or his children as malefactors.

No other citizen, either in Rome or any where else, ever became half so rich. His last and greatest adventure was the only one, during more than sixty years, in which he proved to be unfortunate. Tempted by the gold of Seleucia, he sacrificed a proconsular army, his country's honour, his own and his son's lives. But Crassus never designed unprofitable mischief. He had none of that malice through which men are content to bruise or wound themselves if they may destroy some one else. On the contrary, he was cheerful, urbane, facetious, goodnatured, obliging. Whatever he could not keep, he would give away; his breath for instance, and his time. They cost him nothing, and he would help those for nothing by their expenditure who at present might possess nothing. For accused persons, destitute of any other advocate, because they were poor or hated as well as guilty, he pleaded most eloquently and gratuitously. They might requite him, perhaps at some future time. He possessed a great many thousand slaves, of whom he educated the more intelligent in such lucrative sciences as would enhance twentyfold their prices. Thus they earned money for him as physicians, architects, sculptors, painters, rhetoricians, artificers; and for themselves also, with which to purchase their liberty, and manifest their gratitude. When thus set free, if they could offer him only a silver lamp, a golden chalice, a tortoiseshell table, or an inlaid cabinet, nothing came amiss. A rich man thus gracious deserves to be thankfully approached when, instead of turning his shoulder upon your offering, he runs and meets it. These slaves threw the better for having served so provident a master. Criminals who were saved by his advocacy, his intercession, his power, could at least show a consciousness of their obligation, by distributing firebrands among old houses and ripe corn. Far from sparing of the public treasury, he would sign drafts upon its resources as a magistrate, both for his poorer and his more useful friends. In no other person have rapacity and good-nature been so pleasantly reconciled.

The people will not suffer even his casual presence in Rome; but he is followed by freedmen whom he instructed, clients whom he defended, candidates whom he patronized, and criminals whom he saved.

Another portion of this work is to follow. It will largely extend the reputation won by Mr. LANDOR's previous performances.

*The Emigrant Family; or, the Story of an Australian Settler.* By the Author of "Settlers and Convicts." In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE vigorous and graphic picture of Life in Australia presented in "Settlers and Convicts," will not be forgotten by any who read either the work itself or the copious extracts from it which appeared in these pages. The author has now sought to people that picture with persons, some real, some imaginary, and to conduct a drama upon the scene which he had so powerfully portrayed.

He has not, however, succeeded in this so well as in his first endeavour, for he wants the skill to construct or to conduct a fiction. His capacity lies in narrative; he can convey with wonderful spirit to the mind of the reader



whatever he has seen, but he has not the faculty of invention, and his imagination is neither strong enough, nor enough under the control of his judgment, to enable him to weave a probable plot, and contrive natural incidents and draw from fancy as distinctly as if he were copying places and persons palpable to the sight. With a great deal that is interesting and still more that is useful and informing, this fiction has been stripped of half its value by being made a fiction. If the author had been content merely to add another volume to his *Settlers and Convicts*, it would have been better for his fame and for his pocket.

The best portions of the work are those which describe the convicts and their manner of life and modes of thinking. How these are mingled with the tale a brief outline will show.

Lieutenant BRACON is a settler on the banks of the Morumbidgee. He has two sons and two daughters. His overseer is MARTIN BECK, a black, who is stimulated, by the insults to which his colour exposes him, to cattle-stealing, in order that he may become rich and defy his tormentors—perhaps, revenge himself upon them. The adventures in this sort of predatory warfare; first, his tricks in wrongly marking the cattle, then by infecting the sheep of his neighbour with the scab because he thought himself suspected; then his flight, his wild life in the bush, and the incidents and personages he there fell in with, form the main portion of the narrative. He is ultimately shot by one of the BRACONS. This, however, is mingled with love passages in the lives of the Lieutenant's family, and these afford opportunity for contrast with the more real and life-like portions of the story, and permit of the introduction of sketches of a settler's as well as a convict's and bushman's existence in the colony, so that a great deal of substantial information is contained under the veil of the fiction, and which will well reward perusal for its own merits.

We have already presented to our readers an extract from this work among our "*Peeps into Unpublished Volumes*." We have space only for one other now, which, however, will produce a very favourable impression, for it is one of the best passages in the work. It should be premised that a gang of bush-rangers had discovered one of their comrades to be a traitor, and were about to inflict upon him the wild justice which in America is called

#### LYNCH LAW.

None of them speak to him. All his life is in his ears and eyes: it feels to him as if his ears were drums, and his eyes staring through iron-rings. Speak! he knows not that he even has lips or a tongue: his jaws move, but the sound is inarticulate, like the distant clatter and hum of a little mill—a rattle with a low buzzing moan.

"I suppose we are all agreed," says the Black, as they stand round looking up at him.

For a second or two no one speaks: some continue to look as they were looking; some look away. Presently the soldier says, "Justice must be done."

"You hear what's said," announces Beck quietly, and, cold as contempt itself, he leans back against the rock at the side of the gunyah, folding his arms and slowly throwing one foot over the other; then as the action shows him a little tuft of grass tangled in the rowel of his spur, quietly stooping and clearing it, and resuming his position. "We want no revenge on you, my man: you're beneath that. But the man that betrays his comrades is a wretch too dangerous to live—a dog that sneaks in and mauls in the dark—a death-snake that steeps his fang in the life-blood, without warning and without pity."

Again the Black paused and scanned the faces of his comrades.

"For one man that the lordly lion kills, twice, thrice

as many are killed by the devilish snake—a low miserable reptile thing without body or limbs—nothing but a crawling head and tail."

Again he paused, and began to move impatiently as if he were awaiting a reply. "Speak, man!" he said at length, throwing himself up with energy, but still with folded arms. "It's your business to find out if there's any chance left for you; ours to see whether it's a fair one."

"And yet I must not speak," thought the wretched being; "it will but aggravate them."

"Last night at this time," pursued the Black, almost mournfully, "if we had heard you were in the hands of the police, not a man here but would have risked his life freely, if there had been any chance to rescue you—crawler as you ever were. Twelve hours afterwards, we catch you eating and drinking and smoking—our blood. Speak, man!"

And again, and again, and again: but how changed their tone from the night before! The echoes of the hills shouted back to him—"Speak, man!"

He tried: he threw his head back in insupportable agony; half-way lifted his arm. Some rain came suddenly along on the wind: more; faster and faster. "Now," he thought, "there'll be a change."

A change? There was. The Black moved his arm, and almost ere he did so, Brown came up and loosened the few remaining coils of the tether-rope that still hung about his waist; carried up the end-noose; put one arm through—put the other through; got it as high up as his neck—tightened it!

Could it be? Was he to die? to die? He forgot the wet grass: he felt no horror of abjectness: he would confess the truth—the whole—if they would only let him live. He would go with them to the end of the world.

"Confess!" exclaimed the Black; "why he's mad. After selling us to them, he'd go on now and sell them to us: and, by the powers! he thinks that's going to make a man of him. And he'd go with us to the end of the world" too, and do the same again as often as he had a chance. No, Marcus; it's my belief, and it's everybody's belief here, that you have seen enough of this world, and this world enough of you."

"Let me live! oh, let me live, let me live!"

No pity. He is dragged along on his knees, imploring, shrieking, threatening, to where a tree grows close up by the rock, spreading out on one side its boughs upon the grass of the top, and stretching forth on the other a long, massive, horizontal limb. But, though the end of the halter was even tossed over the beam, no man seemed to like to put his hand to it.

Enraged at their indecision, the Black sprang at the barrel of the tree, worked himself up it, and crawled along the boughs on to the grassy ground above. "Up with the end of that rope," he cried; and, turning round, was out of sight in an instant. Soon afterwards, they heard something heavily dashed down upon the top. Half a minute to coil the rope's end round a huge log; a look whether all was clear below; a shove with the foot; and the log falls to the ground—and the spy is spinning round and plunging horribly about in the air.

Others will be found scarcely less graphic than this. It is in such scenes that the author excels.

#### POETRY.

*Poetry, Past and Present; a Collection for every-day Reading and Amusement.* By the Editor of "Church Poetry," &c. London: Mozley. 1849.

THE collections of, and selections from, the works of the British poets are innumerable. During the last twenty years, we have inspected some dozens of elegant little volumes professing to present the Beauties of the Poets, in the vain hope of finding one which included their beauties and their beauties only. The best was one edited by a Mr. F. (not T.) CAMPBELL. The second-best is the pretty volume before us; it would have been the best, but for an injudicious mingling of second and third-rate original poems with the selections from the best works of the best poets, and which, in such company, appear to greater disadvantage than if the reader had not been compelled to contrast the ano-

nymous poetaster with the genuine poet. The range of choice is extensive. It will be found a useful volume in the schoolroom, or for the country walk, and by its binding and printing it is fitted for the drawing-room table.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*First Exercises in Logic. Designed for the Use of Students in Colleges.* By J. T. GRAY. London: Taylor and Walton.

LOGIC made as simple as it is possible to make it; but that simplicity is perplexity. It will be a useful "first book" for the student.

*The Principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus, simplified.* By THOMAS TATE. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

We confess this book to be beyond our acquirements. But we have no doubt, from the success of the past publications of the author, that this is equally good, and will be equally acceptable to the mathematical student, to whose notice we commend it.

#### RELIGION.

*Family Prayers.* By A LAYMAN. Second Edition. London: Groombridge and Son.

THESE prayers, composed for morning and evening every day of the week, are adapted especially for those who are engaged in business. Their tone is solemn and earnest: they have no cant, and they have caught the spirit of the inimitable prayers of the Liturgy.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE *Eclectic Review* for March opens with a vigorous paper on a subject of great present moment, "Financial Reform." The tendency of it is to support the National Budget of Mr. Cobden. "The Prospects of the Popular Cause in Europe" is another political essay, more hopeful than, we believe, the facts justify. "The County Courts" are described in another useful paper, and their benefits are greatly eulogised. The more literary articles are on Campbell's life: "Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert;" the "Life of Archbishop Usher;" and the "Fountain of Arethusa." This review is remarkable for possessing the vigour and learning of the *Quarterlies*.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March, among its abundance of antiquarian matter, has a curious article on "Tradesmen's Tokens," and an alliterative poem on the deposition of "King Richard II." Its ample collection of literary and scientific intelligence, its historical chronicle, and copious Necrology, are distinctive features which make the *Gentleman's Magazine* far more valuable, because more useful than its modern rivals. Age has brought to it no infirmities.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, for March. The opening paper is a vivid picture of English mismanagement in the colonies, and a warning to that class of political economists who seek to cure the evil by totally abandoning our colonial possessions. TAIT adroitly argues that there would be no more reason in surrendering possession of the colonies because the Whig Government are given to "jobbing," than there would be in surrendering a shop and its contents to a manager who had been found purloining. There are copious reviews of Captain STURT's work on Australia, and Mr. MACFARLANE's "Italy;" a sketch of "The Dee," a notice of the Scottish Academy's Exhibition, a paper of much novelty on "The Judges of England," beside continued tales and Literary and Political Registers. We are glad to notice among the poetical contributors a name which THE CRITIC was instrumental in bringing into notice. We copy

#### LOVE'S ELOQUENCE.

By E. H. BURRINGTON,  
Author of "Revelations of the Beautiful."  
There's not a day of sunshine now  
To awaken fay or fairy;  
Then meet me with thy brightest brow,  
And make it summer, Mary.  
The cold hath robbed of half their bliss  
The robin and the starling;  
Then give me back thy warmest kiss,  
Oh, give it back, my darling.

I lean upon thy heaving breast,  
Love's own serene dominion,  
As sweetly as a babe could rest  
Upon an angel's pinion.  
And, worthless in thy soft caress,  
The heart seems never lonely,  
As if the will and power to bless  
Exist in silence only.

I would not carelessly invite  
One word of joy or sorrow:  
Be silent as the stars to-night,  
A gossip be to-morrow.  
This dreaminess is all divine,  
And soul is all acuteness:  
Earth breathes in every word of thine,  
And heaven lies in thy muteness.

*Dolman's Magazine*, for March. The all-fertile theme of "The Gold Region of California," is treated of in an article that contains much information, collected and condensed from the publications on the subject that now throng booksellers' shops. There are some continued papers whose former chapters were noticed in *THE CRITIC*, a short tale called "Casting the Grapnel," and which is intended to illustrate the power of morality and rectitude as a source of worldly advancement; and some sectarian papers and critical notices.

*The Ethnological Journal* for March. The interest created by this work has been deep-seated and enduring, though not sufficiently extensive to secure its prosperity as a commercial undertaking. The *Journal* was on the point of being discontinued, when several of its readers came forward with subscriptions to rescue it from the oblivion that threatened. In the present number there is a great variety of matter, including a continuation of the very interesting series of articles "On the Importance of Mythology in the Study of Primæval History."

*The Colonial Magazine* for March. This Monthly has been greatly improved by infusing variety into its pages. Instead of learned and elaborate essays, plain-spoken and brief articles are introduced. Hence we have in the present number a contribution from the pen of the late Mr. CHARLES BULLER, M.P., on "Responsible Government for the Colonies;" also articles on "Canadian Affairs," "Central Australia," "Earl Grey and the Mauritius," "Ceylon and Guiana," and a warm advocacy of "Colonial Representation in the Imperial Parliament," beside much miscellaneous matter.

*The People's Journal*, and *Hovitt's Journal*, for March, contains a vast fund of readable and entertaining matter—all having for its object to improve the popular taste. Among the engravings is a likeness of the lecturer, GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.—rather too roughly executed to be consistent with a faithful portrait.

*Sharpe's Magazine* for March. The articles are too brief and too numerous to allow of reference to any in particular. We may mention, however, that most of the contributors have already become distinguished in the literary world. There are contributions from AGNES STRICKLAND, JOHN TIMBS, MARY COWDEN CLARKE, the author of "Frank Fairleigh," and other known writers. The engraving is a very good illustration of a scene in CAMPBELL'S "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

*The Family Herald* for March contains the usual variety of romance, narrative, charade, and fun, with the still more curious "Answers to Correspondents," in themselves a romance.

*Pictorial History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*. Part V. Second half. Knight. This half-part ranges over 1827-30—a period full of interesting data for such a writer as Miss MARTINEAU to work upon.

*The Land we Live in*. Part XX. Charles Knight. Contains "Leeds and the Clothing District." The illustrations are even more numerous than usual.

*France and its Revolutions*. By GEORGE LONG, A.M. Charles Knight. The topics of the chapters before us are,—*"The Hébertistes and Dantonistes," "The Festival of the Supreme Being," "The Death of Robespierre."* A portrait of ROUSSEAU is given.

*The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*. Part XXVI. contains "Hindustan," to "Inclosure."

*The National Library of Select Literature*. Part II. Charles Knight. The studies of Shakspeare are resumed. There is a good deal of research displayed in this part, and much chatty original matter about the great poet and several of his works, is contained in it.

*Frank Fairleigh*. Part III. Hall & Co. The "pupil" gets into sad disgrace, and promises to be the

worthy hero of a spirited tale. CRUIKSHANK'S illustrations are excellent.

*Con. Cregan*. Part III. Orr and Co. We may truly say this is the most amusing tale of the season. Con.'s adventures entitle him to the reputations of an "Irish Gil Blas."

*The Works of Shakspeare*. Parts XIV. and XV. Orr and Co. Coriolanus, with notes, occupies the whole of this double number. KENNY MEADOWS has been profuse with his woodcuts.

*A History of France and the French People*. By G. M. BUSSEY and THOMAS GASPEY. Part XII. Orr and Co. This part rapidly glances at the years 1488 to 1515.

*Finden's Illustrated Edition of Byron's Tales and Poems*. Part X. (Orr and Co.) continues "The Corsair."

*Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Physical Geography* (Parts XV. and XVI. Orr and Co.) contains the subject of Meteorology. There are six large maps.

*Paxton's Magazine of Gardening* for March. Orr and Co. The coloured plates in this work are a chief and desirable attraction. Those given in the present part form very prominent features. The record of experiments, and the information regarding facts established, are copious and learned—rather suitable, perhaps, for the professional than the amateur botanist and gardener.

*The Cottage Gardener* for February. Orr. This is to the amateur what Paxton's is to the professional gardener. There is an unusual abundance of matter.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Nemesis of Faith*. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 1849.

Never have we read a book which left upon the mind so profound and haunting a sense of pain as this remarkable volume. Never did we see so much that is beautiful, and so much that is terrible, so much that is true, and so much that is false, so much that pleases, and so much that offends, collected within the like number of pages. From the beginning to the end, it is one long moan of despair, the wailing of a soul that feels itself sinking, and knows not where to look for a hand to save it. Here we have a faithful picture of the progress of scepticism, and of the agony that attends the death of faith. So far it will be serviceable as a warning. But, unfortunately, the author pauses at the very point at which it is usual for the new birth of faith to dawn upon the despairing soul, and leaves us with the prospect as dark and dreary as the present; not only a thick darkness all about him, but not so much as a ray of hope glimmering through the future. The history of all minds who have thought for themselves is, we believe, very nearly the same. They begin with implicit faith, founded upon the confidence that youth has in the truth of all that is told to it by those to whom it has been accustomed to look up with respect. Then comes the era when the mind begins to form its own opinions, and to question those which it has before implicitly accepted. It discovers how much of that which it had been taught as being indisputably true is false in fact, and, finding that it had been deceived in some matters, it begins to question all that it had once believed unquestioned. It feels some of the pillars of its faith shaken, and the whole fabric begins to tremble. Suddenly the youth discovers that he is involved in a maze of doubt, and he goes on to interrogate everything about him and within him—the existence of his own soul—the being of a God—the life after death. But this lasts but for a time: the mind cannot, from its very constitution, long remain satisfied with negatives. Profounder reflection and larger experience show him that his scepticism

is only a step in an argument, and not the conclusion; he advances beyond it, and begins again to believe, and this time his faith is built, slowly but surely, upon the only safe foundation, the conviction of reason—and thus prejudice changes to doubt—doubt to disbelief—and disbelief conducts again to a wholesome and manly faith—such faith as alone becomes a rational being—the faith that the intellect has created, and which is not, like the child's first faith, the impression of an uninquiring and unreasoning trust, but the assurance of one who is convinced.

Mr. FROUDE has reached the third stage of the thinking mind's progress: he began, like all of us, with the child's delightful faith—the faith that is a feeling: he gained the thoughtful youth's condition of questioning and doubt: from that he has passed to the immature man's state of positive unbelief. He has not yet attained to the last and noblest condition into which the mature mind gradually enters—that purer and better and firmer faith which lies beyond the dark and dreary regions of doubt and unbelief. This book of his truthfully and eloquently describes all the stages through which he has travelled, *except the last*. He introduces himself to us as a confiding child, he quits us an unbelieving man, with

A fire in his heart,  
And a fire in his brain,

hopeless, wretched, despairing; looking with anguish upon a past whose sunshine he thinks never can return, and into a future that to him is all darkness and desolation.

We have heard some persons emphatic in their condemnation of this volume. They call it a dangerous book, a deistical book, a book to disturb settled faith, and fraught with mischief to readers who are not fore-armed against its fallacies. We must confess that we view it in a different light. So far from being dangerous, as tending to encourage scepticism, its agonizing pictures of the pangs of doubt, and the wretchedness of unbelief, are calculated to deter the reader from incurring any risk of plunging into the same horrible abyss. True it is that he ends in unbelief—that he quits us a sceptic, and asserting that scepticism is the result of human reason and experience. But, as we have shown, it is only a stage in the highway to real faith, and Mr. FROUDE has proved the impossibility of resting there, for if all were to do so, this fair world would become a hell. There needs but the precaution of taking up this book with the knowledge that it is a faithful picture of the progress of a reflecting mind to a certain point in its career, when its faculty for destroying is more active than its faculty for constructing—when it has pulled down all its old temples, and has not begun to build new ones,—to make it profitable reading, not by way of an example to be followed, but as a warning against that which should be shunned.

We have no doubt that it was not the author's purpose that it should be so used. He has become an unbeliever; as such, he has seceded from the ministry to which he was ordained, he has acknowledged his scepticism to be the cause, and he has written this volume as a justification of himself by showing how it was that his unbelief grew upon him and mastered him. It is as a faithful and singularly eloquent sketch of the progress of a mind through the various stages that have been trodden by thousands before him, and will yet be traversed by thousands to come, that the volume has a value, for we do not remember



ever before to have seen them so truthfully and vigorously depicted.

We have said that it is eloquently done. Seldom, indeed, does so eloquent a book claim the notice of the critic. As extracts will presently show, it is full of the finest poetry, both of thought and of expression. Its graces are eminently attractive, and we cannot recognize the policy of those who would pass such a work in silence, or treat it only with abuse. Silence will not prevent it from becoming known, and abuse will only awaken curiosity, and tempt to its perusal. The most prudent, and the most proper course is, we believe, that which we have adopted, to acknowledge its merits, to point out its faults, to show its shortcomings, to expose its fallacies, so that they who read it may do so with a knowledge of its dangers and defects, and with the mind previously armed against its fallacies.

Let us add, moreover, that this is not a book to place in the hands of youth. It is especially for the matured in mind, who can at once detect its errors, and trace them to their source. We would not have it read by those who are intellectually weak. It might do mischief to these latter, but to the former it will be serviceable, by showing them through what perils they have passed, and confirming their present faith by the revelation so frankly made of the pangs of unbelief.

Hearken, then, to

#### THE AGONY OF AN INFIDEL.

When I go to church, the old church of my old child days, when I hear the old familiar bells, with their warm sweet heart music, and the young and the old troop by along the road in their best Sunday dresses, old well-known faces, and young unknown ones, which by and by will grow to be so like them, when I hear the lessons, the old lessons, being read in the old way, and all the old associations come floating back upon me, telling me what I too once was, before I ever doubted things were what I was taught they were; oh, they sound so sad, so bitterly sad. The tears rise into my eyes; the church seems full of voices, whispering round me, Infidel, Infidel, Apostate; all those believing faces in their reverent attention glisten with reproaches, so calm, they look so dignified, so earnestly composed. I wish—I wish I had never been born. Things grow worse and worse at home. Little things I have let fall are turned against me. The temperature is getting very cold, and our once warm and happy family, where every feeling used to flow so sweetly together in one common stream, seems freezing up, at least wherever I am, into disunited ice crystals. Arthur, Arthur, the sick heart often wants a warm climate as well as the sick body. They talk in whispers before me. Religious subjects are pointedly avoided. If I say anything myself, I am chilled with frosty monosyllables, and to no one soul around me can I utter out a single thought. What! Do they fancy it is any such wonderful self-indulgence, this being compelled to doubt what they stay trusting in? That it is a licence for some strange sin? No, no, no. And yet they are right too—yes, it is very good, and very right. They are only following the old lesson, which I followed too once, that belief comes of obedience; and that it is only for disobedience that it is taken from us. My father says before them, that I am indolent and selfish: and the rest seems all of a piece and a part of the same thing. \* \* \* Yet God is my witness, nothing which I ever believed has parted from me, but it has been torn up by the roots bleeding out of my heart. Oh! that tree of knowledge, that death in life. Why, why are we compelled to know anything, when each step gained in knowledge is but one more nerve summoned out into consciousness of pain? Better, far better, if what is happier is better, to live on from day to day, from year to year, caring only to supply the wants each moment feels, leaving earth to care for earth, and the present for the present, and never seeking to disintomb the past, or draw the curtain of the future.

And what better warning would he have than this—

#### AN INFIDEL'S WAILING FOR THE PAST.

Arthur, is it treason to the Power which has given us our reason, and willed that we shall use it, if I say I would gladly give away all I am, and all I ever may become, all the years, every one of them which may be given me to live, but for one week of my old child's faith, to go back to calm and peace again, and then to die in hope. Oh for one look of the blue sky as it looked then when we called it Heaven! The old black wood lies round the house as it lay then, but I have no fear now of its dark hollow, of the black glades under its trees. There are no fairies and no ghosts there any more; only the church bells and the church music have anything of the old tones, and they are silent, too, except at rare, mournful, gusty intervals. Whatever after evidence we may find, if we are so happy as to find any, to strengthen our religious convictions, it is down in childhood their roots are struck, and it is an old association that they feed. Evidence can be nothing but a stay to prevent the grown tree from falling; it can never make it grow or assist its powers of life. The old family prayers, which taught us to reverence prayer, however little we understood its meaning; the far dearer private prayers at our own bedside; the dear friends for whom we prayed; the still calm Sunday, with its best clothes and tiresome services, which we little thought were going so deep into our heart, when we thought them so long and tedious; yes, it is among these so trifling seeming scenes, these, and a thousand more, that our faith has wound among our heartstrings; and it is the thought of these scenes now which threatens me with madness as I call them up again.

Who is there who will not recognize in his own memory the truth and poetry of this picture of

#### THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

When my eyes wander down the marble pages on the walls of the church aisles, or when I stray among the moss-grown stones lying there in their long grassy couches in the churchyard, and spell out upon them the groupings of the fast crumbling names, there I find the talisman. It is home. Far round the earth as their life callings may have scattered men, here is their treasure, for here their heart has been. They have gone away to live; they come home to die, to lay their dust in their father's sepulchre, and resign their consciousness in the same spot where first it broke into being. Whether it be that here are their first dearest recollections of innocent happiness; whether the same fair group which once laughed around the old fire-side would gather in together and tie up again the broken links in the long home where they shall never part again; whether there be some strange instinct, which compels all men back to the scene of their birth, to lay their bodies down in the same church which first received them, and where they muttered their first prayer: whatever be the cause—like those cunning Indian weapons which, projected from the hand, fly up their long arcs into the air, yet when their force is spent glide back to the spot from which they were flung—the spent life travellers carry back their bodies to the old starting point of home.

The fish struggle back to their native rivers; the passage birds to the old woods where they made their first adventure on the wings which since have borne them round the world. The dying eagle drags his feeble flight to his own eyrie, and men toil-worn and care-worn gather back from town and city, from battle-field or commerce mart, and fling off the load where they first began to bear it. Home—yes, home is the one perfectly pure earthly instinct which we have. We call heaven our home, as the best name we know to give it. So strong is this craving in us, that, when cross fortune has condemned the body to a distant resting-place, yet the name is written on the cenotaph in the old place, as if only choosing to be remembered in the scene of its own most dear remembrance. Oh, most touching are these monuments! Sermons more eloquent were never heard inside the church walls than may be read there. Whether those hopes, written there so confidently, of after risings and blessed meetings beyond the grave, are any more than the "perhaps" with which we try to lighten up its gloom, and there be indeed that waking for which they are waiting there so silently, or whether these few years be the whole they are compelled to bear of per-

sonal existence, and all which once was is reborn again in other forms which are not there any more, still are those marble stones the most touching witness of the temper of the human heart, the life in death protesting against the life which was lived.

Nor, I think, shall we long wonder or have far to look for the causes of so wide a feeling, if we turn from the death side to the life side, and see what it has been to us even in the middle of the very business itself of living. For as it is in this atmosphere that all our sweetest, because most innocent, child memories are embosomed, so all our life along, when the world but knows us as men of pleasure or men of business, when externally we seem to have taken our places in professions, and are no longer single beings, but integral parts of the large social being; at home, when we come home, we lay aside our mask and drop our tools, and are no longer lawyers, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, clergymen, but only men. We fall again into our most human relations, which, after all, are the whole of what belongs to us as we are ourselves, and alone have the key-note of our hearts. There our skill, if skill we have, is exercised with real gladness on home subjects. We are witty if it be so, not for applause but for affection. We paint our father's or our sisters' faces, if so lies our gift, because we love them; the mechanic's genius comes out in playthings for the little brothers, and we cease the struggle in the race of the world, and give our hearts leave and leisure to love. No wonder the scene and all about it is so dear to us. How beautiful to turn back the life page to those old winter firesides, when the apple hords were opened, and the best old wine came up out of its sawdust, and the boys came back from school to tell long stories of their fagging labours in the brief month of so dear respite, or still longer of the day's adventures and the hair-breadth escapes of larks and blackbirds. The merry laugh at the evening game; the admiring wonder of the young children woke up from their first sleep to see their elder sisters dressed out in smiles and splendour for the ball at the next town. It may seem strange to say things like these have any character of religion; and yet I sometimes think they are themselves religion itself, forming, as they do, the very integral groups in such among our life pictures as have been painted in with colours of real purity. Even of the very things which we most search for in the business of life, we must go back to home to find the healthiest types. The loudest shouts of the world's applause give us but a faint shadow of the pride we drew from father's and sister's smiles, when we came back with our first school prize at the first holidays. The wildest pleasures of after-life are nothing like so sweet as the old game, the old dance, old Christmas, with its mummers and its misletoe, and the kitchen saturnalia. Nay, perhaps, even the cloistered saint, who is drawing a long life of penitential austerity to a close, and through the crystal gates of death is gazing already on the meadows of Paradise, may look back with awe at the feeling which even now he cannot imitate, over his first prayer at his mother's side in the old church at home.

And again behold the Infidel weeping over the tomb of his dead faith—such scalding tears!

#### THE RELIGION OF HOME.

Yes, there we all turn our eyes at last; the world's glitter for a time blinds us; but with the first serious thought the old notes come echoing back again. It is as if God, knowing the weary temptations, the hollow emptiness of the life which yet we needs must lead, had ordained our first years for the laying in an unconscious stock of sweet and blessed thoughts to feed us along our way. We talk much of the religious discipline of our schools, and moral training and mind developing, and what more we will of the words without meaning, the hollow verbiage of our written and spoken thoughts about ourselves; yet I question whether the home of childhood has not more to do with religion than all the teachers and the teaching, and the huge unfathomed folios. Look back and think of it, and we cannot separate the life we lived from our religion, nor our religion from our life. They wind in and in together, the gold and silver threads interlacing through the warp; and the whole forms together then in one fair image of what after-life might and ought to be, and what it never is, No idle, careless, thoughtless man, so long as he persists

in being what he is, can endure the thought of home any more than he can endure the thought of God. At his first return to himself, it is the first thought which God sends \* \* \* well for him if it be not too late. If we could read the diary of suicide, and trace the struggles of the bleeding heart, in suspense yet between the desire and its execution, yet drawing nearer and ever nearer, and gazing with more fixed intensity on the grave as the end of its sorrow, ah, will not the one fair thought then on which it will last rest be the green memories of home! The last deep warning note either filling up and finishing the measure of despair with its maddening loveliness, or else, if there be one spot not utterly wasted and destroyed where life and love can yet take root and grow, once more to quicken there, and win back for earth its child again.

The world had its Golden Age—its Paradise—and religion, which is the world's heart, clings to its memory. Beautiful it lies there—on the far horizon of the past—the sunset which shall, by and by, be the sunrise of Heaven. Yes, and God has given us each our own Paradise, our own old childhood, over which the old glories linger—to which our own hearts cling, as all we have ever known of Heaven upon earth \* \* \* And there, as all earth's weary wayfarers turn back their toil-jaded eyes, so do the poor speculators, one of whom is this writer, whose thoughts have gone astray, who has been sent out like the raven from the window of the ark, and flown to and fro over the ocean of speculation, finding no place for his soul to rest, no pause for his aching wings, turn back in thought, at least, to that old time of peace—that village church—that child-faith—which, once lost, is never gained again—strange mystery—is never gained again—with sad and weary longing! Ah! you who look with cold eyes on such a one, and lift them up to Heaven, and thank God you are not such as he,—and call him hard names, and think of him as of one who is forsaking a cross, and pursuing unlawful indulgence, and deserving all good men's reproach! Ah! could you see down below his heart's surface, could you count the tears streaming down his cheeks, as out through some church-door into the street come pealing the old familiar notes, and the old psalms which he cannot sing, the chartered creed which is no longer his creed, and yet to part with which was worse agony than to lose his dearest friend; ah! you would deal him lighter measure. What, is not his cup bitter enough, but that all the good, whose kindness at least, whose sympathy and sorrow, whose prayers he might have hoped for, that these must turn away from him, as from an offence, as from a thing forbid?—that he must tread the wine-press alone, calling no God-fearing man his friend; and this, too, with the sure knowledge that coldness, least of all, he is deserving, for God knows it is no pleasant task which has been laid upon him! Well, be it so. You cannot take my heart from me. You cannot take away my memory. I will not say, would to God you could, although it is through these that I am wounded, and, if these nerves were killed, I should know pain no longer. No, cost me what it will, I will struggle back, and reproduce for myself those old scenes where then I lived—that old faith which, then, alas! I could believe—which made all my happiness, so long as any happiness was possible to me.

It is Wordsworth who says—

Heaven hangs about us in our infancy:  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy;  
Yet he beholds the light, and whence it flows—  
He sees it in his joy.

The confiding, unquestioning faith of childhood is a *feeling*; is it not an *instinct*? With the boy it is a sentiment. With what exquisite beauty is depicted

#### THE SCHOOLBOY'S FAITH.

In the school-room lay our duties; outside, in the garden, or in the copses beyond, where the brook ran and the violets grew, was our pleasure place, while round it all lay the great wood with its dark trees and gloomy under-paths, into which we gazed with a kind of awful horror, as the ghost and robber and fairy-haunted edge of the world which closed it in. We were like an old camp in the wilderness, on some Arabian oasis, in which we lived as the old patriarchs lived. We had our

father, our mother, brothers, sisters: and the old faces of the old servants, and the sheep and the cows in the meadow, and the birds upon the trees, and the poultry in the bushes, and the sky, and God who lived in it; and that was all. And what a beautiful all! My delight, in the long summer afternoons, was to lie stretched out upon the grass, watching the thin white clouds floating up so high there in the deep ether, and wondering how far it was from their edge up to the blue, where God was.

I have often thought it is part of the inner system of this earth that each one of us should repeat over again in his own experience the spiritual condition of each of its antecedent eras; and surely we at home in this way repeated over again the old patriarchal era in all its richness. Here we were in our little earth. There above was our Father in heaven—not so far away. He heard us when we prayed to Him—His eyes were ever upon us—He called us His children—He loved us and cared for us. The imagination is too true to discriminate great distances of time. God had been down on this earth of ours; and talked to the patriarchs and to Moses. They were very old; but then papa was very old too, and I used to look at his silver hair, and wonder whether he had ever seen Abraham—whether he perhaps had seen God. Nay, once I remember, in an odd confusion of the name of father, the thought crossing me that he might be something very high indeed.

Well, to such children as we were, Sunday was a very intense delight. First of all, there were no lessons; then we had our best clothes; we had no employment which we liked, that Sunday interfered with. We might not dig in the gardens; but we did not complain of that if we might still look at the flowers and smell them. Everything was at rest about us. The school-room was shut up. The family dined between churches, so that that day we were admitted to the parlour, and going to church was delightful. The day was God's own particular day, and church was God's own house. He was really there we were told, though I rather wondered we did not see him; and to go there was the happiest thing we knew. I thought the services rather long, and I did not much understand them; but I always liked all except the sermon. I liked evening service best because it was shorter; but I remember thinking it was not wisely shortened: and I would gladly have compounded to take back litany and communion to get off sermon. It was long words again; and I felt towards it much as I did to school-room prayers. As Goethe says of Gretchen, when we were at church it was—

“Halb Kinderspiel halb Gott im Herzen.”

Yet we loved God in our child's fashion, and it was the more delightful that neither feeling absorbed us. The singing was very pleasant; but best of all it was when a poor, too-curious robin had strayed into the aisles, and went wandering in alarmed perplexity up and down among the long arches, beating its little beak against the window glass, or alighting on the shoulder of one of the little painted cherubims, with its shrill note lending a momentary voice to the stone harp which hung stringless in those angel-fingers.

Mr. Froude refers the first disturbance of his faith to the adoption by his father of doctrines which, called those of the Anglican Church, are in fact, Roman Catholic. Too much was demanded of his faith, and it toppled down altogether. Indignant at the cause of his misery, he exclaims:

Wo to the unlucky man who as a child is taught, even as a portion of his creed, what his grown reason must forswear. Faith endures no baring of the surface; it is a fair, delicate plant transported out of Paradise into an alien garden, where surest care alone can foster it. But wound the tenderest shoot—but break away one single flower, and though it linger on for years, feeding upon stimulants and struggling through a languishing vitality, it has had its death-blow; the blighted juices fly trembling back into the heart, never to venture out again.

At this point in his mental career we pause. We have seen him amid the religion of childhood, and in the faith of boyhood; and we have beheld the first shadow that passed athwart his heaven. His next struggle was

against the temptation to abandon his reason altogether, and submit himself to the dogmas of Rome as the only refuge from doubt.

*Stokers and Pokers.* By the Author of “Bubbles,” &c. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE return to this very interesting work for a few more gleanings. The recent extraordinary robbery of the mail on the Great Western Railway, will give a special interest to the following description of

#### THE FLYING POST-OFFICE.

This office, which every evening flies away from London to Glasgow, and wherein Government clerks are busily employed in receiving, delivering, and sorting letters all the way, is a narrow carpeted room, twenty-one feet in length by about seven in breadth, lighted by four large reflecting lamps inserted in the roof, and by another in a corner for the guard. Along about two-thirds of the length of this chamber there is affixed to the side wall a narrow table, or counter, covered with green cloth, beneath which various letter bags are stowed away, and above which the space up to the roof is divided into six shelves fourteen feet in length, each containing thirty-five pigeon-holes of about the size of the little compartments in a dove-cote. At this table and immediately fronting these pigeon-holes, there were standing as we flew along, three Post-office clerks intently occupied in convulsively snatching up from the green-cloth counter, and in dexterously inserting into the various pigeon-holes, a mass of letters which lay before them, and which, when exhausted, were instantly replaced from bags which the senior clerk cut open, and which the guard who had presented them then shook out for assortment. On the right of the chief clerk the remaining one-third of the carriage was filled nearly to the roof with letter-bags of all sorts and sizes, and which an able-bodied Post-office guard, dressed in his shirt-sleeves and laced waistcoat, was hauling at and adjusting according to their respective brass-labels. At this laborious occupation the clerks continue standing for about four hours and a half; that is to say, the first set sort letters from London to Tamworth, the second from Tamworth to Preston, the third from Preston to Carlisle, and the fourth letters from Carlisle to Glasgow. The clerks employed in this duty do not permanently reside at any of the above stations, but are usually removed from one to the other every three months.

As we sat reclining and ruminating in the corner, the scene was as interesting as it was extraordinary. In consequence of the rapid rate at which we were travelling, the bags which were hanging from the thirty brass pegs on the sides of the office had a tremulous motion, which at every jerk of the train was changed for a moment or two into a slight rolling or pendulous movement, like towels, &c., hanging in a cabin at sea. While the guard's face, besides glistening with perspiration, was—from the labour of stooping and hauling at large letter-bags—as red as his scarlet coat which was hanging before the wall on a little peg, until at last his cheeks appeared as if they were shining at the lamp immediately above them almost as ruddily as the lamp shone upon them—the three clerks were actively moving their right hands in all directions, working vertically with the same dexterity with which compositors in a printing-office horizontally restore their type into the various small compartments to which each letter belongs. Sometimes a clerk was seen to throw into various pigeon-holes a batch of mourning letters, all directed in the same handwriting, and evidently announcing some death; then one or two registered letters wrapped in green covers. For some time another clerk was solely employed in stuffing into bags newspapers for various destinations. Occasionally the guard, leaving his bags, was seen to poke his burly head out of a large window behind him into pitch darkness, enlivened by the occasional passage of bright sparks from the funnel-pipe of the engine, to ascertain by the flashing of the lamps as he passed them, the precise moment of the train clearing certain stations, in order that he might record it in his “time-bill.” Then again a strong smell of burning sealing-wax announced that he was sealing



up, and stamping with the Post-office seal, bags, three or four of which he then firmly strapped together for delivery. All of a sudden, the flying chamber received a hard sharp blow, which resounded exactly as if a cannon-shot had struck it. This noise, however, merely announced that a station-post we were at that moment passing, but which was already far behind us, had just been safely delivered of four leather-bags, which on putting our head out of the window, we saw quietly lying in the far end of a large strong iron-bound sort of landing-net or cradle, which the guard a few minutes before had by a simple movement lowered on purpose to receive them. But not only had we received four bags, but at the same moment, and apparently by the same blow, we had, as we flew by, dropped at the same station three bags which a Post-office authority had been waiting there to receive. The blow that the pendant bag of letters, moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, receives, it being suddenly snatched away, must be rather greater than that which the flying one receives on being suddenly at that rate dropped on the road. Both operations, however, are effected by a projecting apparatus from the flying post-office coming suddenly into contact with that protruding from the post.

As fast as the clerks could fill the pigeon-holes before them, the letters were quickly taken therefrom, tied up into a bundle, and then by the guard deposited into the leather bag to which they belonged. On very closely observing the clerks as they worked, we discovered that, instead of sorting their letters into the pigeon-holes according to their superscriptions, they placed them into compartments of their own arrangement, and which were only correctly labelled in their own minds; but as every clerk is held answerable for the accuracy of his assortment, he is very properly allowed to execute it in whatever way may be most convenient to his mind or hand.

Besides lame writing and awkward spelling, it was curious to observe what a quantity of irrelevant nonsense is superscribed upon many letters, as if the writer's object was purposely to conceal from the sorting clerk the only fact he ever cares to ascertain, namely, *the post town*. Their patience and intelligence, however, are really beyond all praise; and although sometimes they stand for eight or ten seconds holding a letter close to their lamp, turning sometimes their head and then it, yet it rarely happens that they fail to decipher it. In opening one bag, a lady's pasteboard work-box appeared all in shivers. It had been packed in the thinnest description of whitey-brown paper. The clerk spent nearly two minutes in searching among the fragments for the direction, which he at last discovered in very pale ink, written apparently through a microscope with the point of a needle. The letters sorted in the flying post-office are, excepting a few "late letters," principally cross-post letters, which, although packed into one bag, are for various localities. For instance, at Stafford the mail takes up a bag made up for Birmingham, Wolverhampton and intermediate places, the letters for which, being intermixed, are sorted by the way, and left at the several stations.

The bags have also to be stowed away in compartments according to their respective destinations. One lot for Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin; one for Chester; a bundle of bags for Newcastle-under-Lyne, Market-Drayton, Ecclesham, Stone, Crewe, Rhuabon; a quantity of empty bags to be filled coming back; a lot for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Carlisle; and one great open bag contained all the letter-bags for Dublin taken upon the road.

The minute arrangements necessary for the transaction of all this important business at midnight, while the train is flying through the dark, it would be quite impossible to describe. The occupation is not only highly confidential, but it requires unceasing attention, exhausting to body and mind. Some time ago, while the three clerks, with their right elbows moving in all directions, were vigorously engaged in sorting their letters, and while the guard, with the light of his lamp shining on the gilt buttons and gold lace which embellished the pockets of his waistcoat, was busily sealing a letter-bag, a collision took place, which, besides killing four men, at the same moment chucked the sorting clerks from their pigeon-holes to the letter-bags in the guard's compartment. In due time the chief clerk recovered from the shock; but what had happened—why

he was lying on the letter-bags—why nobody was sorting—until he recovered from his stupor he could not imagine.

The refreshment room at Wolverton is another marvel. The establishment consists of

1. A matron or generalissima.
  2. Seven very young ladies to wait upon the passengers.
  3. Four men and three boys do. do.
  4. One man-cook, his kitchen-maid, and his two scullery-maids.
  5. Two housemaids.
  6. One still-room-maid, employed solely in the liquid duty of making tea and coffee.
  7. Two laundry-maids.
  8. One baker and one baker's-boy.
  9. One garden-boy.
- And lastly, what is most significantly described in the books of the establishment—
10. "An odd-man."

"*Home sum, humani nihili à me alienum puto.*"

There are also eighty-five pigs and piglings, of whom hereafter.

The manner in which the above list of persons, in the routine of their duty, diurnally revolve in "the scrap-drum" of their worthy matron, is as follows:—Very early in the morning—in cold winter long before sunrise—"the odd-man" wakens the two house-maids, to whom is entrusted the confidential duty of awakening the seven young ladies exactly at seven o'clock, in order that their "première toilette" may be concluded in time for them to receive the passengers of the first train, which reaches Wolverton at 7h. 30m. A.M. From that time until the departure of the passengers by the York Mail train, which arrives opposite to the refreshment-room at about eleven o'clock at night, these young persons remain on duty, continually vibrating, at the ringing of a bell, across the rails—(they have a covered passage high above them, but they never use it)—from the North refreshment-room for down passengers to the South refreshment-room constructed for hungry up-ones. By about midnight, after having philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they all are enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c. till four in the morning for the up-mail. The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven, is allowed to sleep on till noon, when she is expected to take her place behind the long table with the rest.

Behold the consumption of this great eating-shop.

It appears from the books that the annual consumption at the refreshment-rooms averages—

182,500	Banbury cakes.	5,110	lbs. of moist sugar.
56,940	Queen cakes.	16,425	quarts of milk.
29,200	patés.	1,095	" cream.
36,500	lbs. of flour.	8,088	bottles of lemonade.
13,140	" butter.		
2,920	" coffee.	10,416	" soda-water.
43,800	" meat.	45,012	" stout.
5,110	" currants.	25,692	" ale.
1,277	" tea.	5,208	" ginger-beer.
5,840	" loaf-sugar.	547	" port.
		2,095	" sherry.

And we regret to add,

666	bottles of gin.
464	" rum.
2,392	" brandy.

To the estates are to be added, or driven, the eighty-five pigs, who after having been from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are impartially promoted, by seniority, one after another, into an infinite number of pork pies.

An elaborate description is given of

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

His first process is, by means of the electric current, to sound a little bell, which simultaneously alarms all the stations on his line; and although the attention of the sentinel at each is thus attracted, yet it almost instantly evaporates from all excepting from that to the

name of which he causes the index needle to point, by which signal the clerk at that station instantly knows that the forthcoming message is addressed solely to him, and accordingly by a corresponding signal he announces to the London boy that he is ready to receive it. By means of a brass handle affixed to the dial, which the boy grasps in each hand, he now begins rapidly to spell off his information by certain twists of his wrists, each of which imparts to the needles on his dials, as well as to those on the dials of his distant correspondent, a convulsive movement designating the particular letter of the telegraphic alphabet required.

By this arrangement he is enabled to transmit an ordinary sized word in three seconds, or about twenty per minute. In case of any accident to the wire of one of his needles, he can by a different alphabet, transmit his message by a series of movements of the single needle at the reduced rate of about eight or nine words per minute.

While a boy at one instrument is thus occupied in transmitting to—say Liverpool—a message written by his London author in ink which is scarcely dry, another boy at the adjoining instrument is, by the reverse of the process, attentively reading the quivering movements of his dial, which by a sort of St. Vitus's dance are rapidly spelling to him a message, *via* the wires of the South-Western Railway, say from Gosport, which word by word he repeats aloud to an assistant, who, seated by his side, writes it down (he receives it about as fast as his attendant can conveniently write it) on a sheet of paper, which as soon as the message is concluded descends to the "Booking Office;" where, inscribed in due form, it is without delay despatched to its destination by messenger, cab, or express, according to order. The following trifling anecdotes will not only practically exemplify the process we have just described, but will demonstrate the rapidity with which the Company are enabled to transmit messages.

Some little time ago, a gentleman, walking into the reception-hall of the London office, stated that he had important business to communicate to his friend at Edinburgh, who by appointment was, he knew, at that moment waiting there to reply to it in the Company's Telegraphic Office. On being presented with the half-sheet of paper, headed with its printed form as described, he wrote his query, which, after passing through the glass window to "the Booking Office," flew upwards to the Instrument department, from whence with the utmost despatch it was transmitted to Edinburgh, and, the brief reply almost instantly returning to the instrument, it was committed to writing, and then lowered down to the "gentleman in waiting," who thus quietly walked off with his answer, which we were informed at the office he obtained within the space of five minutes, a considerable portion of which had been consumed by himself and his friend in writing the few words which had passed between them, for, during their passage and return, the electric wires had only detained them exactly the three hundred and fiftieth part of one second!

In a dull foggy day an engine on the London and North-Western Railway, tired of idly standing still with its steam up, suddenly ran away, and, without any one to guide it, proceeded at a rapid rate towards the Euston Station, where every one who witnessed its start expected it would create an amount of damage almost incalculable: but the electric telegraph, soon overtaking and passing the fugitive, conveyed intelligence to Camden Station in abundant time for full preparations to be made there for its reception, by turning the points of the rails into a sideway containing only a few ballast wagons.

And again,

In a corner of one of the attics in which the eight electric instruments are placed there stands a small very ordinary-looking piece of cheap machinery composed of a few wheels, giving revolution to a small cylinder, upon which there has been wound a strip of bluish paper half an inch wide and about sixty yards in length.

As this insignificant thread of paper slowly unrolls itself, the stranger observes, with feelings of curiosity rather than of surprise, that as it passes along a small flat surface it receives from a little piece of steel wire about a quarter of an inch long, and about the size of a large needle, a series of minute black marks, composed of "dot and dot go one,"—two dots,—two dots and a line,—

two lines and a dot,—three little lines and a dot,—and so on.

Now many of our readers will, no doubt, gravely exclaim, *But who makes these dots?*

The answer in a few words explains the greatest mechanical wonder upon earth. The little dots and lines marked upon the narrow roll of paper revolving in a garret of the London Central Telegraph Station, are made BY A MAN SITTING IN MANCHESTER, who, by galvanic electricity, and by the movement of a little brass finger-pedal, is not only communicating to, but is HIMSELF actually PRINTING IN LONDON information which requires nothing but a knowledge of the dotted alphabet he uses to be read by any one to whom it may either publicly or confidentially be addressed!

Upon this fact comment is unnecessary. It humbles rather than exalts the mind. Of such an invention it can only be said

"NON NOBIS, DOMINE, SED NOMINI TUO DA GLORIAM."

Sir FRANCIS HEAD concludes his brilliant sketch of this wonder of our age—this great civilizer—this promoter of peace and good-will—this annihilator of war—this magnificent defence of Christianity—the RAILWAY—with some appropriate reflections. He tells his readers plainly and truly that they must not demand *cheapness* at the price of safety; nor expect all the convenience of many trains, fast travelling, and return tickets, if they are unwilling to pay the cost of them. He compares the expense of a journey by railway, with that of the old journeys by coach, showing a vast saving in fares alone, independently of time and other expenses: thus,

In 1835 the fares paid by the public for travelling from London to Liverpool, at the average rate of say ten miles an hour, were, exclusive of fees to guards and coachmen—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Per Mail outside...	2	10	0	Inside ...	4	10	0
Per Coach, ditto...	2	5	0	Ditto ...	4	5	0

In 1849 the fares paid by the public for travelling the same distance, at an average rate of twenty-two and a half miles per hour (the express trains travelling at about thirty miles per hour) are—

	£	s.	d.
Per Express and per Mail trains .....	2	5	0
First Class .....	1	17	0
Second Class .....	1	7	0
Third Class .....	0	16	9

And he is right. The mania for *cheapness* at the price of all other advantages, has, we hope, had its day; and people will now look for some other qualities equally important.

*Martin Toutron: a Frenchman in London in 1831.* Translated from an unpublished French MS. London: Bentley. 1849.

AN ingenious satire, directed equally against English and French follies and peculiarities; good tempered, but keen; refined, but searching.

M. TOUTRON was the son of a sausage-maker, who had made or saved enough to enable him to send his son into the world, if not with a fortune in his pocket, with dress and address which he fondly believes must secure one. The young MARTIN, vain of his person, his coat, and his manners, feels the most confident assurance that his attractions would be irresistible, and as matrimony was the readiest mode of making money which presented itself to his contemplations, and England the country where the richest wives were to be found, he resolves to make a sensation in London.

For this he prepares by studying the English language, of which he makes a sad mess. Before his departure he visits an uncle who has seen much of England in his younger days, and who gives him some very sensible advice, which,

however, MARTIN completely misunderstands, so that he afterwards acts in direct opposition to the instructions he had received. Among other hints, his uncle tells him that "as to cleanliness, upon this point the English are extremely strict, and much more so, indeed, than upon many points of their religion. Whence arises three general rules—pay the greatest respect to their carpets; you must not even spit upon them; wear out as many tooth-brushes as you can, and soap yourself without mercy."

MARTIN forthwith furnishes himself with a huge box full of tooth-brushes, and journeys to Calais. A fellow-traveller chanced to be a very vulgar Englishman, whose manners MARTIN studies and tries to imitate, believing them to be those of English polite society. The oaths and curses of this blackguard are carefully committed to memory and repeated with the air of one who believes that he is saying something clever and appropriate.

Crossing the sea, which, being a novelty, was a feat of daring never enough to be admired, he reaches Dover, and inspects the famous cliff which he understands is the residence of SHAKSPEARE! At Walmer we are informed that the renowned General WELLINGTON perpetually lives, stationed there by the government for a reason so thoroughly French that we must transcribe it.

It appears that the English Government (always having a watchful eye upon France, and fearing those ebullitions of bravery and of glory which are so constantly stirring up the French, and making them dangerous neighbours, and worthy of unremitted vigilance) has thought fit to place their most famous general in a position from which he can watch our proceedings, and be ready to act instantly, in the event of any sudden and unforeseen attack.

He is perfectly amazed at

#### AN ENGLISH DINNER.

I and my fellow-traveller soon found ourselves at dinner, if I may be allowed to call by that name the curious dishes they placed before us. First of all, no soup; and then a succession of cutlets—*Anglice*, mutton-chops, which appeared before me at long intervals, and made my fellow-traveller expectorate *dams* in just as lively a manner as when he was travelling in France. As a variation of the feast, we had potatoes *au naturel*, and for sauce, to every dish, melted butter. I was completely stunned by the miseries I foresaw in the way of eating from this my entrance into England. "They are a purely carnivorous people, these English!" said I to myself, in a whisper; and, in consequence of that observation, I began to find out the reason of many peculiarities in the character of that people. Why have they such a puffy appearance?—why such a sleepy air?—why are they so little given to dancing?—why do they talk so little?—why, may I ask, are they fierce, fat, gross, and grumbling? All these questions I asked myself at different times, and to all of them did I answer, "Beef, beef—mutton, mutton."

Arrived in London, he is introduced to the family of his father's correspondent, one Mr. DIPPS, a worthy but vulgar cit, who invites him to take

#### POT-LUCK.

I cast about my eyes, in order to discover the dish that had so repeatedly been promised to me, but I saw nothing but beef cut into powerful slices, and strongly seasoned with onions. "But this is our *bifstik*!" I exclaimed, with astonishment. "Can it be possible that what we call *bifstik* should be here called pot-luck?" I perceived that my astonishment produced great merriment around the table, especially in the breast of the old lady, \* \* \* whilst Miss Dipps, in her own peculiar French, explained to me that pot-luck was, in fact, *le bonheur du pot* (the happiness of the pot). "For the love of me, dear young lady," I exclaimed, "do say *fortune du pot*, and not *bonheur du pot*, &c." \* \* \* It was then I remarked that

she, her mother, her father, and young Simpkins exhausted themselves by frequent explosions of laughter—a custom which, I am sorry to say, I perceived to be an universal feeling in the nation.

He makes acquaintance with a Chartist Leader and visits one of their societies called "The Whole-Hog Club." He is there invited to deliver his own sentiments, which he does in the following terms, amid great applause:

#### A FRENCHMAN'S SPEECH.

"Gentlemen—I smell that I am one Frenchman. I glory in him. The univers look at us, and France look at me, now that we are gone to renouveller, to turn down side up the whole of the human race. When I see this noble company—when I see England, when I see France, when I see the Chambre des Deputies, when I see the steamboats, when I see all the glories of the world, and when I can see nothing more, then I cry, 'My heart is full; let us go and kill a tyrant.' Gentlemen, what is there that does not cry for vengeance? Everything is wrong when nothing is right. Nature jenny's (gémît, we presume) to see the world crazy with tyranny. We must relieve nature. Let us relieve her with one great effort. We must first gorge (egorger, perhaps) kings, queens, and emperors: we will then gorge dukes, marquises, and viscounts; then all soldiers, all sailors, all lawyers, all the gens-d'armes—in fine, we will gorge every one but ourselves."

MARTIN is a thorough infidel, and falling into discourse with a Mr. SALT, who has an Englishman's reverence for religion, MARTIN proposes that a new Bible should be compiled, of better materials, which should teach men how to live and enjoy themselves in this world.

"How, sir," said Mr. Salt, in astonishment, "is it possible that there exists in the world a man who has no fears about futurity?" "Sir," answered I, "fear is unknown in France." "But, sir," said he, "you have a soul, which you must surely desire to save." I then drew myself up to my full height, and said these remarkable words:—"Sir, be it known to you that a good Frenchman ne se sauve jamais."

We should like to have noticed this clever book at more length; but having obtained only a brief loan of it from a friend, we are unable to give it the attention it deserves.

*Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain, &c.* By JOHN BRAND, M.A. arranged and enlarged by Sir HENRY ELLIS. Vol. 2. London: Bohn. 1849.

THIS second volume of the most complete record we possess of manners and customs now fast passing away, has been materially improved, and greatly enlarged, by Sir HENRY ELLIS, who has made the best use of his opportunities, as librarian to the British Museum, to collect from every available source whatever had escaped the researches of BRAND. Thus perfected, the work has been added to Bohn's *Antiquarian Library*, to which it is the most valuable and acceptable contribution yet made.

#### MUSIC.

*Sixteen Popular Quadrilles, for Cornopean and Piano Forte.* Arranged by G. J. O. ALLMANN. Nos. 1 & 2.

*Popular Scottish Songs.* By the same. No. 3.

THESE quadrilles are admirably chosen and well arranged, and the songs of Scotland are old favourites. Both will be an acceptable addition to the portfolio.

*Oberon Polkas, from Loder's Opera of Robin Good-fellow, arranged for Pianoforte.* HERR KRONIN. D'Almaine and Co.

*The Chamois Hunter.* Song or Duet. Composed by JOHN P. BARRET. D'Almaine and Co.

THESE polkas are extremely well adapted to inspire the dance, for the time is marked and the airs are pleasing.



The song is a fine vigorous composition expressive of its theme, and having much originality.

*D'Almaine and Co's Instruction Book for the Violin.*  
By L. SPOHR. London: D'Almaine and Co.

A complete and valuable series of lessons for learners of the use of the violin. The instructions with which they are prefaced are singularly precise and intelligible. With this book every man may become his own teacher.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY—EXETER HALL.**—On Friday last, this Society performed *HANDEL'S Oratorio, Israel in Egypt*, the masterpiece of the composer, considered with reference to that in which his genius was most conspicuous, choral harmonies; the work consisting chiefly of that class of composition, the airs and duets being few, and with one exception, of less pretension than those in his other oratorios; their absence is, however, more than compensated by the overwhelming grandeur of the choruses, of which no fewer than eleven follow consecutively in the first part alone.

There is a prevailing disposition abroad (and a good one it is) to put the works of our great men before the public free from mutilation and interpolation; thus, several of SHAKSPEARE'S finest plays have been rescued from the trammels of his improvers, and we hail with pleasure the appearance of this spirit in the Sacred Harmonic Society, in stripping *Israel in Egypt* of the airs which have been impudently thrust into it to lighten the effect, the effect resolving itself into an absurdity as great as would result from throwing *Cherry Ripe* into *Norma*. It was on this occasion—for the first time within our memory—rendered as *HANDEL* moulded it, without even being introduced by the *Occasional Overture*, and a more impressive or absorbing performance it has never been our lot to witness.

The work being of a most complex character from the construction of the choruses, divided into double choirs, comprising, therefore, eight parts, and the constant recurrence of fugues, it was naturally looked forward to with some anticipation as the touchstone of Mr. COSTA'S capabilities in conducting this style of music; the result places him, beyond doubt, as not only the first of secular musical conductors, but of sacred likewise. Masses of harmony came peeling forth, as from his baton, with a force as wonderful as sublime, whilst, from the delicate intricacies of the counterpoint, stole out marvellous effects, that even with our long acquaintance with the work, both in the chamber and in the concert room, we candidly confess surprised us. Heedless of the request expressed in the programme, several pieces were encored, amongst them, the *Hailstone Chorus*, could hardly be expected to escape repetition. The *Horse and his Rider* was received with a hurricane of applause, and was also repeated. It is, however, useless particularizing where all is excellent and performed too with an excellence hitherto unmatched. Towards the latter part, the chorus singers appeared to be labouring under exhaustion, causing some of them to sing rather flat, but not sufficiently so to interfere materially with the general effect.

Her Majesty has signified her intention of being present on Thursday next, when the oratorio will be repeated.

**THE SAINT GEORGE'S HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The fourth concert, on the 28th ult., was, both as regards the selection of the programme and its execution, the best of those which have been as yet given. To enumerate the performances in detail would be beyond our limits, but of those deserving of especial mention, we may single out Mr. PELHAM'S very sweet vocalization of ALLMANN'S ballad "My Native Isle;" Mr. LOVETT'S careful rendering of a charming Italian canzonetta, by Mr. BEUTHIN, and in which the vocalist exhibited considerable compass of voice, and a high and very sweet falsetto; Miss ELLEN LYON'S splendid delivery of "Non fu sogno," by which all praise is neutralized; Miss ELIZA LYON'S touching warbling of, "Go, forget me;" Mrs. PLUMMER'S unaffected and tender interpretation of "Mary Jamieson," a Scottish ballad, by ALLMANN; Miss COLLINS'S finished rendering of "The Irish Emigrant;" than which a more truly touching ballad (we mean as regards the poetry) is not to be found; Mr. H. BUCKLAND'S fine declamatory style of BENEDICT'S "Rage, thou angry storm;" Mr. KENEFFICK'S careful

vocalization, (though marred by trepidation,) of "My Boyhood's Love," a *risfamento* of two or three airs; Mr. DUDLEY'S careful interpretation of ALLMANN'S ballad, "Wilt thou be mine, Kathleen;" Signor MAPPI'S finished excellence in "Verdi's *Se redremo*;" and Miss SCHAFER'S and Mr. CUMMING'S respective songs. Of course, several madrigals, glees, and duets formed not the least interesting portion of the concert. They were all given with taste, spirit, and accuracy. Strange to relate, the only *encores* of the evening were of the instrumental portion, which consisted of a Caprice, performed by a young lady on the pianoforte, with the utmost delicacy and finish, and with a pure tone and rapid articulation; and a Fantasia on the harp, performed in a brilliant manner, by Mr. J. THOMAS, one of the most promising professors of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. J. C. BEUTHIN accompanied, Mr. S. T. LYON conducted, the madrigals, &c.

## ART.

*The Art Journal for March.* No. 129. Virtue.

THE pictures from the Vernon Gallery continue to form the chiefest attraction of this unique periodical. Here we have UWIN'S *Chapeau de Brigand*, exquisitely engraved by STROCKS; and the *Brook by the Way*, by GAINSBOROUGH, a very gem. In addition to these is an engraving of SPENCE'S statue of Lavinia, together with a multitude of beautiful wood-cuts, illustrating "Passages from the Poets," and articles in "Italian Fictile Wares of the Renaissance;"—"Original Designs for Manufactures;" Mrs. HALL'S "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," "Illustrated Lexicography," and "The Progress of British Manufactured Art." The reader will find a great deal of information in the article contributed by Mrs. JAMIESON, entitled "Some thoughts on Art," and the essay on the "Application of Science to the Fine and Useful Arts."

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

VERY curious is it to note the progress of an opinion, especially in matters of taste. For a long time before it is avowed, the more advanced minds recognize a preference for something that is opposed to the existing prejudice. They dare not utter their feeling, for they fear to be deemed wanting in taste. But nevertheless it exists and grows. At last some organ of public opinion, bolder than the rest, or more independent, ventures to assert the heresy, and forthwith many of those who had to that time appeared to acquiesce in the popular faith, confess that they had long since come to as different persuasion, and they fall in with the new doctrine as cordially as if it was not new. So it has been with our somewhat daring avowal, in the last CRITIC, of a preference for modern over ancient art, and of our faith in the superiority of the English over every contemporaneous school in Europe. We were confident that many really thought as we did, but had not courage to confess a doctrine that would expose them to the imputation of want of taste. So it has proved. We have been at once amused and startled to find the number of persons who agree with us in our views, and instead of standing alone among the press in the advocacy of so great a heresy in art, we should not be surprised to find some of our contemporaries following our example and maintaining, with us, not only that England has a school of art of her own, but a school which the world has never surpassed in times gone by, and does not now rival, or even approach. It will give us great pleasure, if, by this frank avowal of an unpopular creed, we induce others who may have already felt an inclination to the same faith to throw off their reserve and declare it in public and private and above all if we should do something towards suppressing the intolerable nonsense that is talked about the old masters by those who know nothing about them, and the egregious folly that would give a hundred guineas for an ugly picture, because it is said to be painted by an old master, while it refuses with a sort of contempt twenty guineas for a beautiful picture by a modern artist. But, however it may be received by others, this being our faith, we shall continue to avow and to maintain it, and on all occasions to claim for our living artists the honour which is their due. THE CRITIC can happily

afford to be independent, and it will preserve that independence at any price against ridicule as well as against opposition. But we must resume our notice of the other note-worthy pictures in this exhibition.

No. 99 is "The Pet Rabbit," by F. GOODALL. It is remarkable for its finish. The group of children curiously gazing into the rabbit-hutch is wonderfully truthful.

Mr. T. F. DICKSEE has, in No. 115, *Dressed for the Ball*, presented us with one of his masterly figures—a lady in the picturesque costume of a former era, decorated for the ball, her face lighted up with anticipation. The minuteness of LANCE is exhibited in this picture.

Next to it is JUTSUM'S *Harvest Field* (No. 116), a landscape of first-rate ability, perfect in composition and in colour. The corn-stalks, heavy with their load, and gently swaying in the autumn wind, the rich hues of the atmosphere, and the bold group of trees on the left—are admirable.

*Scarborough*, by J. W. CARMICHAEL (No. 117), is a fine morning coast scene. The waters sparkle, and the air is crisp and bright: the sails seem to expand before our eyes.

HOLLAND'S *Rialto at Venice* (No. 122), is one of the best of the many views we have seen of the renowned bridge. It depicts the scene as it was, not as it is.

A delicious picture, so green, and so soft and summer-like, is PARROTTS'S *Sylvan Glade among the Chilterns*, (No. 123). Only an English artist could have produced such a landscape, for only in England is it to be found.

Mr. MARTIN has returned with more than his ancient vigour and grandeur of imagination to the class of subjects in which he first won fame, and in which, spite of many imitators, he remains altogether unrivalled and unapproached. His large picture, *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still* (No. 129), is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the exhibition. With the single defect of being too blue, it is a master-piece. Mr. MARTIN, it must be remembered, is not to be tried by the usual standard. His style is peculiar; his genius is his own exclusively; he is not, and probably would not, profess to be an accurate copyist from nature. His forte is the production of scenes which never have been, and never could be, but which are interesting as creations of the imagination, which appeal to the same faculty in the spectator, and therefore are to be classed with similar works of poets and romancists, and should be tried by the same tests. What architecture is there: what a grandeur of storm! what mountains! what a city! what a valley! It is a glorious view, which once seen will never be forgotten. We hope Mr. MARTIN will return to these subjects, which so peculiarly befit his genius.

No. 138, *The Broken Chord*, by W. FISHER, is the sad face of a young girl whose broken lute is intended to suggest a broken chord in her own heart—at least, so it seems to us.

Another of COOKE'S Italian scenes is No. 139, *Italian Fishing Craft off Leghorn*. The effects are very fine.

REDGRAVE, true to his recent successful adventure in depicting forest scenery, has, in the *Strawberry Gatherers in Norbury Woods* (No. 151), produced a charming bit of greenery which we should like to have ever before us in our sitting-room, to remind us of school-boy days.

GILBERT'S *Murder of Thomas à Becket* (No. 161), is not worthy of him. The picture wants interest, though we scarcely know why. The personages do not seem in earnest.

COPLEY FIELDING appears here in oils, and they fully equal his water colours in effectiveness. His view of *Goodrich Castle* (No. 193), lighted up by the slant rays of the setting sun, is a very master-piece. Exhibiting a different effect, but scarcely less meritorious in its execution, is G. A. WILLIAMS'S *Close of Day* (No. 198).

No. 206, *Interior of the Fisherman's Cottage*, by Miss MACLEOD, is a scene from the antiquary very cleverly composed and the story effectively told. The figures are life-like.

We cannot share the admiration we have heard expressed for Mr. C. NEIL'S *St. Cecilia* (No. 211) and *St. Catherine* (No. 213). They do not idealize those saints, but rather suggest other than saintly thoughts.

The most prominent picture in the middle-room, is BOTT'S *Death of the Banished Lord* (214). It illustrates one of VICTOR HUGO'S stories. But it does not

please us. There is merit in the drawing, but the story is not well told.

No. 223, is a very clever picture by R. S. LANDOR, the subject is *Burns and Captain Grose*, the latter exhibiting to the former his collection of highland antiquities, while a very pretty niece or daughter lifts some ancient armour, and peeps from behind it at the handsome poet who is evidently not insensible to her charms.

ANDRELL'S *Old Trespasser* (No. 229), is a humorous scene of a pony who has entered a corn-field, contrary to law, and is vigorously kicking at the dogs who have been sent to turn him out. It is in the painter's best manner.

T. DANBY'S *Scene in North Wales* (No. 257), is another evidence of the rising genius of this artist. It is a most effective picture, extremely simple in its composition, but impressing the spectator with that sense of reality which is the end and purpose of painting.

One of the most remarkable pictures is No. 292, *the Picture Gallery, Stafford House*, by J. D. WINGFIELD. It is a work of astonishing labour; its size being immense, and not only are the decorations of the room accurately delineated, but every picture upon the wall is represented, so that its subject is at once recognized, and will indeed bear close examination. It is a perfect marvel of modern art. Here we must pause again.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, and son of Sir R. Westmacott, has been elected a Royal Academician, in the room of Mr. R. Reinagle, resigned.—It has been proposed to establish a society under the title of the Arundel Society, the object of which will be to promote the knowledge of art by the publication of literary compositions which may illustrate the principles or the history of art in any of its branches, whether translations from foreign voluminous writings, original essays, or unedited documents, and by the publication of engravings from important examples of architecture, sculpture, painting, or ornamental design. The prospectus has the names prefixed of some of the most influential and classic patrons of art and literature as the council.

#### DECORATIVE ART.

*The Journal of Design*. No. 1. Chapman and Hall. This promises to be a work of great utility and interest. It is to collect all that relates to the progress of the Arts of Design, and to stimulate invention. It contains specimens of chintzes, coloured flannels, printed cottons, bookbinding cloth, and paper-hangings, besides a multitude of wood-cuts, illustrating clever and instructive articles on the same subject.

#### DECORATIVE ART UNION.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has just opened and it will well reward an hour's inspection. It bears gratifying testimony to the progress of our country in Decorative Art, the whole equalling in taste anything we have seen in France, Belgium, or Italy, as it excels in workmanship. The most striking objects as you enter the room are the great works in gold and silver, consisting of race-cups, presentation plate, goblets and epergnes, the most magnificent and the most truly tasteful of which is the silver testimonial presented to Sir Moses Montefiore. The specimens of papier maché are remarkably beautiful, and the glass candelabra are perfect miracles of art. One of the most attractive objects in the room is a large wreath of flowers, from nature, sewn in wool, upon a black ground, and as perfect as a fine picture by a great artist. The mechanical dexterity is no less surprising than the pictorial skill with which the hues and forms of the flower garden, so various, so blended, and so bright, are represented by worsted. Until you approach closely to it, you never suspect that it is other than a very beautiful production of oils or water colors. It is the work of Miss Kingsbury, of Taunton, whom we are pleased thus to welcome to metropolitan fame. The paper hangings and carpets show the advance yearly making among us in the arts of design.

While on this subject, we may observe that the sight

has revived our desire for the formation of the Decorative Art Union, which we cannot bring ourselves to believe is yet hopeless. As we walked round these rooms, so thronged with beautiful and costly works of Decorative Art, each one of which would be acceptable in every household, we felt sure that if the busy public could but be made to understand that the design of the Decorative Art Union is to give to the subscribers for prizes things which are at once useful and ornamental, instead of an engraving whose value is lost because it is found everywhere, and some very costly pictures which are scarcely understood or enjoyed by those who have the good luck to win them, they would give great encouragement in our Decorative Art Union, the prizes would be of things whose worth would be appreciable by all: they would never become valueless by becoming common, and they would be so much more numerous that the chances of obtaining one would be twentyfold greater. Besides all these attractions, it would be extremely serviceable to the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain, by the stimulus it would give to Decorative Art in the producers, and the cultivation of a taste for it among the public.

What say our readers to another effort to revive it? Unfortunately, last year, just as it was going on prosperously, came the crash of the continental revolutions, and everything else was instantly forgotten in the absorption of thought thus occasioned. We had gathered upwards of 200 subscribers. We have no doubt that all of them will continue such, should the endeavour be renewed. Will our readers aid us in this work? The time is favourable, for the public mind is again turned to home interests. The plan was universally approved, and everywhere well received. But we have not leisure to work it alone. We must have an active committee in London, and local agents in every town. Will those who are willing to assist in either capacity, forward to us their names? We never despair of anything substantially good, and we believe that the *Decorative Art Union* is as feasible a design as it undoubtedly is a useful one. Since it was mooted last year, THE CRITIC itself has made an immense advance in circulation and in influence, and is better able to help the work. Once more we repeat, that we are willing to revive it if others are willing to help us, and we have no doubt that, if renewed with vigor, and pursued with perseverance, it will be successful. But we cannot accomplish it alone, and therefore, we ask the help of those who approve it, in the labour of carrying it to completion.

To remind our old friends, and inform our many new ones, what was the scheme of the Decorative Art Union, for which we seek to enlist their active aids, we will in our next reprint the prospectus of it.

#### BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From Feb. 14 to March 13, 1849.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. J. OLLIVIER.

The Events of 1848.

From Mrs. SOWERBY.

Sowerby's System of Purifying and Ventilating Sewers.

From Mr. MACPHERSON.

The Dreamer (a poem in three cantos).

From Mr. McGLASHAN (Dublin).

Othello Doomed, and the Infant with a Branch of Olives.

From Mr. J. MASTERS.

Godfrey Davenport at College.

From Messrs. HURST and Co.

The Little Savage.

From Messrs. SMITH and McINTYRE.

An Autobiography of Chateaubriand.

Emma. By Miss Austen.

Memoirs of My Youth. By M. de Lamartine.

From Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.

Humboldt's Cosmos. Vols. 1 & 2.

Principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.

The Nemesis of Faith.

From Messrs. TAYLOR, WALTON, and MABERLEY.  
Gray's First Lessons in Logic.

From Messrs. MOZLEY.

Poetry, Past and Present, a collection for every-day reading.

From Messrs. HOULSTON and STONEMAN.

English Grammar Simplified.

Memoir of Wm. Knibb.

From Messrs. LEWIS and JOHNSON.

Bonnie Prince Charley, Royal Irish Quadrilles, and Royal Welsh.

From Mr. BOHN.

Brande's Popular Antiquities. Vol. 1.

Goethe's Autobiography and Travels. Vol. 2.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD and Co.

Life in the Far West.

From Messrs. DEAN and SON.

Spring Flowers and Summer Blossoms.

From Mr. PICKERING.

An Outline of the Laws of Thought.

Verses by J. H. Merriwell.

From Messrs. TEGG and Co.

An Essay on the Sea Serpent, &c.

From Mr. C. FOX.

Lectures for the Working Classes. By W. J. FOX. Vol. 4.

From Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

Family Prayers. By a Layman.

From Messrs. D'ALMAINE and Co.

D'Almaine's Standard Instruction Book for the Violin.

Robin Goodfellow.

From Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

Lofoden; or, the Exiles of Norway. 2 vols.

From Messrs. KENT and RICHARDS.

The Science of Life.

From Messrs. OLLIVIER.

Remember Me.

From Mr. CHARLES COX.

Selections from Archbishop Sumner's Lectures.

From Mr. RIDGWAY.

Practical Reform. Commissioners' Report of the Law of Marriage. The Russians in the Moldavia and Wallachia.

#### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

JULIA.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Next follows a young damsel, whose gay looks  
Would tempt a shepherd to forget his flock,  
And to lay down his pipe, and be led on  
Through dashing flood, and o'er unsteady stones.  
With quick, darkseering eyes, which through their lashes  
Scatter their sudden arrows, then shut up  
Their loosened might demurely in closed lids,  
As suddenly as from them wonder looked,  
She sees a wile and twists it on yourself,  
Returning you the point you meant for her.  
You shall be Bacchant, Julia, and with foot,  
Sandall'd to ancle, with the tiger-head,  
Shall now with tossed arms graceful cymbals clash,  
Then sail with swimming gait and clust'ring curls.  
Daughter of the bright south, the weighty vine,  
Whose purple treasures slide 'midst the green wreaths,  
Should spare its curling chains to grace thy cheek.  
Rosy as foot of morning on the hills.

#### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Professor Leslie is now delivering his course of lectures on painting on the Thursday evenings of each week.

SICCAMA'S PATENT DIATONIC FLUTE.—Of all the numerous and valuable inventions of the day, there is none which has greater claims on the attention of musical professional gentlemen, than the New Patent Diatonic Flute, invented and patented by Mr. A. SICCAMA, who, after many difficulties, overcome only by great judgment and science, has brought this instrument to perfection. Amateurs as well as professionals will, we are assured, feel much indebted to Mr. SICCAMA, for having accomplished that which was only required to render the flute one of the most melodious of instruments, viz., true intonation and brilliancy of tone, which it possesses in a superior degree; we have before us the able opinions of the most eminent flautists, who all agree in pronouncing it a *sine qua non*, it being much easier of execution than any other. Notwithstanding the many recent attempts to correct the numerous imperfections in the flute, Mr. SICCAMA is the only person whose efforts have been successful; that gentleman has written a theory on the New Patent Diatonic Flute, of which we earnestly recommend a perusal.



## ALLEGED DISCOVERY IN VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

—A correspondent says: "Mr. Alfred Smee, the surgeon to the Bank of England, has announced that by a test, which he terms electro-voltaic, he has discovered that the terminations of the sensor nerves are positive poles of a voltaic circuit, whilst the muscular substance is the negative pole. The sensor nerves are the telegraphs which carry the sensation to the brain, and the motor nerves carry back the volition to the muscles. The brain he infers to consist of five distinct voltaic circles, which, upon theoretical grounds, he believes to be sufficient to account for all mental phenomena. Should these researches be fully confirmed by other investigators, they must be regarded as most important physiological discoveries."

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The programme of the season has at length appeared, and it is full of promise. The name of JENNY LIND is not there, for it is still uncertain whether she will consent again to tread the stage; but there will be some compensation for her absence in the presence of ALBONI, who has been secured by Mr. LUMLEY, after having obtained in Paris a reputation second only to that of JENNY LIND in London. But she is not the only attraction. Madame FREZZOLINI returns, after a seven years' absence, improved by time and experience. Middle. GAZZANIGA has been *prima donna* at Turin, and is reported to be a fine singer, and an actress of extraordinary power, especially in the expression of passionate emotions. Middle. PARODI, another novelty, is a pupil of PASTA, who, it is said, was struck by the quality of her voice, took her into her house, and personally superintended her musical education. A fourth *prima donna* engaged by Mr. LUMLEY, is Middle. GINHAN, a soprano, who has acquired great reputation in VERDI's operas, where her energies of voice and of acting have ample room for display. Last, not least, we are promised GASSOLANI, who has lately obtained vast applause at *La Scala*.

GARDONI returns from St. Petersburg, to be present at the opening. CALZOLARI, said to be a most accomplished musician, comes to us from Italy, where he has the highest reputation. M. BORDAS, from *San Carlo*, and M. BARTOLINI, a young man, scarcely twenty, but already deemed a master of his art, complete with the old favourites, LABLACHE, COLETTI, and BELETTI, the most extensive and able *troupe* that has probably ever appeared in Europe.

The orchestra is enlarged, and many new names of note are added to it; Mr. BALFE will again wield the baton, with the advantage of experience. The choruses will be directed by FELIX RONCONI, brother of the famous baritone. Among the operas to be earliest produced are, MOZART's *Clemenza di Tito*, which has not for a long time been enjoyed by an English audience, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Don Giovanni also is to be revived with an entirely new *mise en scene*, and for FREZZOLINI especially, we are to have *La Gazza Ladra*, in which she has excited so great an enthusiasm in Paris.

The ballet is not less cared for. We observe among the list of favourites who are returned, ROSATI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and CARLOTTA GRISL. Two new names appear from Italy, NEGRI and TOMASINI, of whom report speaks very highly. We hope they will teach the others some of that unity of action in the pantomimic scenes which distinguished the ballet on the Italian stage, and is its greatest attraction. We learn, also, that three or four new and interesting ballets are in preparation, for the purpose of introducing the *danceuses* who have been engaged. The season commences to-day.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—We had hoped to announce the opening of the season, but it has been postponed until this evening. Expectation is on tip-toe at the time we write, for it is said that *Masaniello* is to be produced in a style of unprecedented magnificence and completeness, with scenery which is to be itself "a sight." Some alterations have been made in the arrangements of the house which will add much to the comfort of the visitors.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—The only incident here, since our last, has been the appearance of Mr. and Mrs.

CHARLES KEAN, the one as *Iago* and the other as *Emilia*, in *Othello*. Both were fine and original performances. Mrs. C. KEAN's *Emilia* was remarkable for the feeling which she threw into it.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A new opera by Mr. GEORGE LINLEY, entitled *Francesca Doria*, or *The Bandit of the Abruzzi*, has been produced here, and is enjoying "a run." It is interesting as a play, abounds in good situations and picturesque scenery, and contains some extremely pretty music. It has introduced to the London public a young aspirant for fame, Miss LANZA, whose rich voice and great command of it, as well as power of expression and action, make her one of the most promising acquisitions to the lyrical stage which has appeared for a long time.

**BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.**—On Saturday the 10th inst., we attended the private view of the new Panorama of Switzerland, or rather that portion of it under the range of vision from Mount Righi, which includes, however, nearly three-fourths of the entire country. With our recollection fresh with the beauties of the land of mountains and avalanches, we wended towards Leicester Square with some misgivings—notwithstanding our reliance on Mr. BURFORD's talents, and with the memory of his panorama of Mont Blanc of some years since still fresh—that he had this time attempted something beyond the power of art; nay, on the threshold, we mentally hoped that the critics would be merciful because of his former great doings. Once however on the platform, and all speculation was at an end; the critics might say their say, and "nothing extenuate." No person possessing the slightest claim to sensibility of temperament can for a time shake off the impression of sublimity that overawes him at first sight of this great work (even though he may have been on the Righi itself) and it is only by an effort that he can settle down calmly to scrutinize. The spectator is presumed to stand on the Kulm, or highest point of the mountain, which rises on one side perpendicularly upwards of 4,000 feet from the lake of Zug. The eye roves over rich pastoral cantons—the scene of many a noble struggle for liberty—dotted with towns, villages, chalets, lakes, rivers, and undulating mountains on the one side, which gradually thickening, pile upon pile, at length merge into those lofty wonders whose peaks rise far above the line of perpetual snow; "Alp towers on alp," each seemingly striving with its compeers for majesty. The Titlis, the Jungfrau, the Finster Aar Horn, the Oberland Glaciers, are remarkable amidst a host of others, not omitting the Rossberg with its melancholy aspect—depicted with imposing truth—telling of the frightful event which happened some forty years since, when a mass of the mountain, three miles in length, became detached and swept with irresistible force into the valley below, immolating three villages, together with all the inhabitants, in one vast grave. The manipulation of the panorama is most careful and elaborate, many passages of it equalling in finish, cabinet paintings, yet without any sacrifice of breadth; whilst the colouring, though necessarily of the most varied character, is charmingly harmonious, and the keeping of the whole may be pronounced perfect.

The Swiss people and the trunk-makers will be under deep obligations to Mr. BURFORD, his Switzerland will cause many a knapsack to be purchased, and many a moustache to be cultivated this summer.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mr. Phelps has been reviving Shakspeare and Massinger with unflagging spirit and success. These alternate on his classical stage, where the legitimate drama finds refuge, and we are happy to say, patronage as well as protection. The people of the north, albeit not the fashionable quarter, have more taste than the people of the west. The truth is, that the latter have substituted art for nature, and refined themselves out of all taste.

THE POLYTECHNIC is attracting the usual crowd of season visitors by its lectures, its dissolving views, exhibiting some scenes in California, and its unrivalled Phantasmagoria. It is the most instructive exhibition in London.

THE COLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA.—These united exhibitions are drawing crowds from all classes, as well they may, for they are unrivalled, not in London only, but in Europe. They should be the first sights seen by a visitor to London.

## METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

Since our last report this company has been vigorously pursuing its experiments, and with the most gratifying success. It will be seen from this report which we subjoin, that some of the most distinguished agriculturists, among whom we must specially mention the Earl of Ellesmere, have personally attended to witness the trial of the company's plan, and have expressed themselves highly gratified with the results. The market-gardeners, too, have declared their approval of the mode of distribution, and many of them have already entered into arrangements with the company for a regular supply of sewage, which is proposed to be given in unlimited quantity, at a small rent per acre. The Commissioners of Sewers have entered cordially into the plans of the company, and have consented to facilitate them by conveying to the station, at Stanley Bridge, the contents of some rich sewers into the Westminster districts. A very short time will now see the company in full operation, and the country realizing the benefits of its enterprise, and its shareholders reaping the profits to which they are so well entitled. The following is from the *Morning Post*:—

We, a short time since, noticed in the *Morning Post*, some private experiments in irrigation made by this company in a field about a quarter of a mile from the works at Stanley-bridge, Fulham, in the presence of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, and which were then deemed highly satisfactory.

Wednesday a more public exhibition took place in the same field, in order to show the effect of Mr. Coode's patent irrigator, Messrs. Guest and Chime's patent valve boss, and Messrs. Warner's patent distributor.

Among the company present we observed the Earl of Ellesmere, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Sir W. H. Pearson, Colonel Young, Colonel Warren, Captain Powle, Rev. J. Bannister, Sir John Boileau, Dr. Fielder, Dr. Guy, Messrs. E. Gotto, G. Donaldson, and J. Perkins (Surveyors of the Commissioners of Sewers), G. J. Bosanquet, T. Macaulay, H. P. Fuller, W. C. Mylne, C. E., J. Birch, C. E., W. Stephen, C. E., J. Hather, W. Bannister, J. Farrar, Robert Gunter, L. C. Hertslet, Leslie Foster, J. W. Floyd, W. Bass, W. Paget, &c., in addition to a numerous attendance of farmers and market gardeners, who appeared to take great interest in the proceedings.

In the first experiment, water being driven from the works by the steam-engine, was distributed through one of Bateman's fire-cocks, which have been patented by Messrs. Guest and Chimes, and which appear well adapted as substitutes for the fire-plugs at present in use, in addition to the advantage they are likely to be to companies like the one under notice. This invention consists of a valve, formed by a ball of wood, with a covering of India rubber, which the force of the water, when fully turned on, drives up so as hermetically to seal the orifice in the iron work frame. By means of a screw, this ball or "valve-boss," as it is termed by the patentee, is driven down into the water, of which any quantity is thrown over the ground by means of a fan-like distributor, such as we described in our former article.

The next experiment tried was by means of the distributor attached to the common hose, which, however, is open to the objection that the hose drags over the ground, and causes a waste of power on the part of the labourer, in addition to possible damage to growing crops. Experiments were also made with Mr. Coode's irrigator, which may be described as consisting of a long conical cylinder, of from seven to ten yards in length, on wheels, which may be easily managed and moved by a common farming lad. The tube is perforated throughout its entire length, and the hose by which the cylinder is fed, by a very ingenious contrivance, is made to keep up a continual supply of liquid to any required extent. This irrigator can be easily served with water from a common pump, but its great importance to this company is the accuracy with which it distributes the water or liquid manure upon any given part of the land, it being calculated that from 14,000 to 20,000 square yards may be irrigated by this invention within an hour.

The last experiments were tried with the fire-cock and tripods, which were described a short time since, and by which the hose attached to the same cock can be carried over various portions of a field, by which means, combined with the power of depressing or raising the distributors, complete rain-like shower of water is

poured over every part of the field to be irrigated. As we mentioned in our last notice of the experiments of this company, it is calculated that one man can irrigate an acre of ground within an hour by these inventions.

#### PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

We are pleased to be enabled to say that this society, described in our last, and of which a prospectus appears among the advertisements, is rapidly proceeding to formation. Many hundreds of shares are already taken. At this time, when it is so difficult to find investments which yield more than three per cent., such an one as this, which affords absolute security, and will yield an immediate four per cent., paid as regularly as the demands at the bank, with the certainty of the capital doubling in a very few years, cannot fail to be attractive, the more especially as it emanates from no speculators, but is the *bona fide* enterprise of the members of the legal profession for an object of great public importance and value. Another advantage of it is, that as the sum required to be paid up will be only one pound per share, every person can invest just so much as is convenient, from £5 to £300, in this profitable manner.

It will be observed that, by way of further assurance to the public of its respectability, the *Law Times Office*, from which it emanates, engages to pay all the expenses if it is not established, and those who take shares are not even to be called upon for a deposit unless the society is formed. This feature alone distinguishes it from the mere speculative schemes which are continually being produced, and guarantees its security and respectability.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### WORKS ON EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

26, HANS PLACE, SLOANE STREET,  
March 5th, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—As a purchaser and reader of your periodical, THE CRITIC, I have noticed what I consider as a defect in its management, I mean, in regard to its meagre and unsatisfactory (if I may use these terms) accounts of works designed and devoted to the purposes of education. In its general spirit and management, I most fully and cordially acquiesce. Your address to *Readers* in the number for February 1st, I very much admire, particularly the passage at page 47, 3rd column, beginning with "In this high aim," &c. to "the school of PUNCH,"—as indicating the excellent principles upon which you intend to proceed.

There are books published in abundance professing to aid the cause of education, but how few of these are really useful, or at all calculated to serve the object to which they pretend! What the public really want, in this matter, is some intelligent and faithful guide to direct them in the choice of these books. I know this from sad experience,—from facts that come under my notice almost daily. Most school and educational books appear to be written for sale, and not for use. I do not say *all*, but very many; and what is wanted is, a good discriminator as to what will be *used* when they are bought, and what will not. Persons undertake to write with no judgment whatever as to what children really want, or understand; the consequence is, that half these books are thrown aside, and their parents complain of the cost of a worthless article. Of these, scarcely any more striking instances can be furnished than the abundance of *French Grammars* written by Frenchmen, who have little or no knowledge of the *art of teaching* nor *any judgment as to system or arrangement*. I have had dozens of these French grammars brought to my school that never have been, and never can be, of any real use to beginners, for whom they are ostensibly written. Now, is it not possible—is it not advisable,—that there should be some proper judge as to these matters—showing the public what works are to be recommended on the score of usefulness, and what not? Some works, I am persuaded, are published for the sole purpose of getting the author's name known. But are the public to pay for this puffing?

As there is no periodical for general readers that I know of, that gives this straightforward and honest information (for the *Educational Times*, though very

clever in general, is too confined to the scholastic profession), I have been induced to think that a department of your paper well conducted on this point is a desideratum.

I have been prompted to address you on this subject the more urgently from a long conviction I have felt of the want referred to. I have been in the scholastic profession upwards of twenty-six years, and I have found but *very few* in each department of school books—though there have been hundreds published—that were *really* serviceable. The great thing ought to be in an author of such works, *good judgment*, and a knowledge of the *art of teaching*, which latter requisite, as you will at once see, includes a GREAT DEAL!

I have been so successful as a teacher as to obtain for several of my pupils first-rate situations as *teachers*, as the accompanying circular (if you will have the goodness to read it through) will inform you. Some years ago I wrote for the *Classical Journal*, and several other periodicals and reviews. I am, however, no bigot for old books, because they are *old*; for I make use generally of *modern* publications; such, in fact, as I believe to be the best.

Hoping that you will excuse my troubling you at such length; and with every wish for the success of your excellent publication,—I remain, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

THOMAS GRIMES.

[It is a rule with us, for the reasons so well stated by our correspondent, to notice, with special care, all books intended for the purposes of education which are sent to us for review. But unless sent by the publishers or authors it is impossible we can obtain a sight of them. They cannot be borrowed, and we could not afford to buy them. We believe that the publishers of educational works would find it their interest to send them for notice in THE CRITIC, which is now so largely circulated, and so looked to as an adviser and guide in the choice of the books. But that is for their consideration, and we presume they best know their own interests. —ED. CRITIC.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

March 2nd, 1849.

SIR,—You notice in THE CRITIC, No. 188, that 1,045 persons wrote upon the "Advantages of the Sabbath."

I doubt not it would be extremely interesting to very many of your readers to learn from *what localities* the essays were sent, and the age of the persons sending them; the former would be, in itself, satisfactory, and the latter would enable one to judge, in some manner, whether the essays were the result of the recent educational movement, or the result of dormant intellect roused by an unusual incentive.

Should this suggestion be, in any way, irregular, I doubt not, you will kindly excuse it.—Sir, yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

#### MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The *Zoist* for January. No. 24. London: Baillière.

We promised some further extracts from this periodical, which, although not what it ought to be, and might be, is yet extremely valuable as the only record of the progress of Mental Philosophy preserved in Great Britain.

There is a remarkable case of clairvoyance, certified by Mr. Mott, of Brighton:—

Brighton, November 22nd, 1848.

This morning Major Buckley very kindly called on me with Mr. Edward Maitland, and after some conversation on the subject of vital magnetism, he placed on the table two puzzle locks (I had never seen locks of this kind before, and was some time before I understood the construction of them). Two muslin bags the Major also produced, and proposed that I should get some of the motto nuts and enclose them in the bags, lock them securely myself, no one being present. I placed two nuts in each bag and securely tied and locked them, keeping a copy of the letters to which each lock was put together, and keeping the paper in my lancet-case, no person knowing anything of the paper but me. The

bags were sealed up in paper and given to the Major. On the 30th of November the bags, locked as I had parted with them, were returned, and I carefully examined them. They could not by any possibility have been opened till I opened them. This I did by unlocking the puzzle locks by the letters before named. I then took out the nuts,—they were cracked,—the mottoes taken out,—read and found quite correct, except in one paper, in French, the first word in the second line omitted. In all other respects they were read and correctly copied.

(Signed) W. B. MOTT, Surgeon,  
Formerly Surgeon of the 2nd Battalion,  
47th Regiment of Foot.

10, Devonshire Place, Brighton.

Mr. Trevelyan communicates a number of cases relieved by mesmerism; Mr. Timins of insanity cured by it. Dr. Esdaile's progress in India is reviewed, and fully justifies the anticipations of his earlier successes. Mr. Tubbs describes an extraordinary case of a severe surgical operation in the application of caustic to an inflamed eye without pain, in the state of mesmeric sleep-walking. This patient was, at the same time, more than usually clairvoyant. The following instances are vouched by several witnesses:—

On the 20th Miss Stafford became a good clairvoyant as Alexis. On that evening she played at cards blindfolded, and never failed in one single experiment; Dr. Burt, Mr. Mackean, Mr. Hugh Whatly, Mr. Ward, &c., were present. There was a Mr. Russell of the National School, who brought with him a letter he had received from a friend on cholera: it was put into my patient's hands, who read it out perfectly, clearly and distinctly. Dr. Burt took out a card from his pocket, and she read every word correctly. She then looked over an album and made her remarks in every page. I am truly astonished with her: she can tell anything in the sleep.

On the 23rd, she dined with me at a friend's, at Wisbeach. After dinner, being thrown into the sleep, Mr. Healy, our entertainer, gave her the following bill; her eyes being covered as usual with flannel, and a loose handkerchief over all, with the ends secured at the back of her neck.—"Thomas Bird, Dr. to James Markham, 14lbs. 2ozs. cheese, at 9d. per lb., 10s. 7d.;" which she read in the presence of four ladies and Mr. Heald, silversmith, of Wisbeach. She also played a game at cards. At this time came into the room, Mr. Gardiner, a stationer and editor of the Wisbeach newspaper, and the Rev. J. King, curate of Wisbeach. She read the following card:—"A. W. Healy, Wisbeach, agent for the sale of Vergett's waterproof-cloths for cart and waggon covers;" ending by pushing the card away and saying it did not concern her.

One evening, in the presence of Dr. Burt, five other gentlemen and four ladies, a likeness of a young lady was shown Miss Stafford. She could not see through the case, but when open, she could; and said the lady had a book in her hand, wore a cameo brooch, blue ribbon to fasten her collar, whose likeness it was, and the manner in which the hair was dressed. Another likeness was then placed in her hand; when the case was opened, she knew it as being that of a gentleman she had seen but once. An extract of a letter from John Bowker, Esq., upon the treatment of cholera, was given her. After reading a few lines, she put it away, saying it did not concern her. Then a small box, in which was a slip of paper with four figures written on it. This she failed to see through the lid; when opened, she quickly read the figures, but read them *backwards*. Two cards were given her, and she read them. I played a game of cards with her,—"Draw the Well Dry." In the midst of the game, Dr. Burt took my seat, to play with her, when she immediately said, "I think I shall not play any more." I resumed my seat; then she was quite willing to proceed. She commenced writing a note, but complained of fatigue; so we did not press her to go on.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have announced a new tale, to be written by Mr. Charles Dickens, and to be



published in the usual form,—“monthly parts, at 1s. each. The title is not yet fixed on, or, at least, not made public.—On Saturday there was exhibited, in Liverpool Underwriters' Rooms, a curiosity from California, in the shape of a newspaper. It is entitled the *Californian*, and about the size of the *New York Sun*, and printed equally as well as that paper. The news appears rather scanty, as the main portion of the paper is devoted to advertisements.—Mr. Moreton, an American printer, died lately in Paris. He has bequeathed £40,000 to be given as a premium to anybody who shall succeed in constructing a machine capable of striking off 10,000 copies of a newspaper within an hour.—Mr. John Duncan, the African traveller, whose journey through and beyond the territory of the King of Dahomey has already been made public, is, it is understood, about to leave England shortly on another expedition, with the view of prosecuting further discoveries in the unexplored regions of that country.—The *Athenæum* announces the death, at Wickham, Hants,—whither he had gone for the benefit of his health,—of Mr. David Robinson. Though little known by name, Mr. Robinson was for many years a contributor to the leading magazines: his writings in which often displayed great power, and excited much attention. Mr. Robinson was, however, one of those victims with which the bye-places of literature abound,—for want of some institution within the republic of letters itself on which the sick and the destitute might have a citizen's claim. After years of hardly required toil, his latter days were tortured by an amount of distress and destitution, such as seldom falls to the lot even of the suffering class to which he belonged. He has left a wife and aged mother to an inheritance of his sufferings aggravated by the memory of his loss.—The total produce of the Stowe Library was 10,355l. 7s. 6d.—A French paper states that an autograph *Memoir* by Fénelon, hitherto unknown, has been discovered amid a heap of old papers deposited in the Museum of Douai, by the librarian of that institution, M. Duthillien, who has caused it to be printed.—One of the projected railway station libraries has been opened at the Paddington terminus. It contains upwards of 1,000 volumes of modern works, chiefly of fiction and amusement. Among other novel features, every passenger will have free access to and use of the library while waiting for the trains, for the charge of 1d. The library table will be supplied with all the London papers, periodicals, and other publications, for sale.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

**ECCENTRICITIES OF TRANSLATION.**—The *Overland China Mail*, of Hongkong, gives a curious instance of the variation in official orders which may occur through translation. The following order was issued by Sir John Davis: “No person except the harbour-master can board a junk or vessel without the consent of the master, unless he is armed with a warrant and accompanied by a constable.” Upon examination of the Chinese official translation, the passage was found to have been thus rendered:—“The harbour-master, and persons carrying warrants, and policemen, have power to board vessels: if there be men, and the captain does not want them to enter the vessel, then he may be able to obstruct and stop them.” In commenting on this farrago the editor of the *China Mail* quotes some more amusing parallels from a French translation of *Guy Mannering* which he had met with. “Sir Walter Scott speaks of Dominic Sampson as a ‘stickit stibbler;’ that is, a minister who has stuck in his career, or in his discourse, a French translator renders this ‘un ministre assassiné’—a minister stuck with a vengeance. Again, in the same novel, Dandie Dinmont is told that ‘it has just chappit aucter on the Tron, that is, the Tron Church bell has just struck eight. This is rendered in French, ‘Il est huit heures, et le Roi est sur son trône’—which, being translated into English, means, ‘It is eight o'clock, and the King is on his throne;’ the writer, probably, being led away by a confused notion that the hour had something to do with Paulus Pleydell being at that time engaged in performing the part of King in high jinks.”

**Preservation of Books.**—About twenty-five years ago I was annoyed by finding the backs of several rows of books—some in a bookcase having glazed doors

—which were kept locked, and others on adjoining open shelves—frequently mildewed. Wiping them carefully cleaned them only for a time, for fresh crops of mildew speedily disfigured them again. Remembering to have seen my father, who always made his own ink, finish off by pouring a small glass of spirits of wine into the ink jar, in order to prevent its becoming mouldy, I lightly washed over the backs and covers of the books with spirits of wine, using as a brush the feather of a goose-quill. I frequently saw the books during the next five years, and I have occasionally seen them since,—and there has not, so far as I am aware, been a single spot of mildew on them since the spirits of wine were applied. I have used spirits of wine to prevent mildew with equally good effect in other cases.—Correspondent of the *Builder*.

**Thomas Hood.**—The following ballad verses by the deceased poet are given in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, as not having been before published:—

There is dew for the flow'ret,  
And honey for the bee,  
And bowers for the wild-bird,  
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasure for the few;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you!

There is Care that will not leave us,  
And Pain that will not flee;  
But on our hearts unaltered  
Sits Love 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,  
Yet good it is, and true;  
It's half the world to me, dear,  
It's all the world to you!

## NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

## PROFESSOR TENNANT.

Oct. 15. At his house, Devon-grove, Dollar, Mr. William Tennant, Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of St. Mary at St. Andrew's, and at Edinburgh College.

Mr. Tennant was a native of Anstruther, a small town, which gave birth also to Dr. Chalmers. The circumstances of his parents, and the misfortune, if it might be so called, of his being lame in both limbs, pointed out the path of study on which he early entered as that in which he might overcome the disadvantages of poverty and of nature. He became, and continued through life to be, a zealous and successful student, especially of languages. At fifteen he was sent to the University of St. Andrew's, where he studied under the famous Dr. Hunter. Like all, however, who attain the honours of scholarship, it was but little that the university did for him in comparison to what he achieved for himself. In secret he was diligently amassing those vast stores of literary wealth which raised him to public honour, while they were the solace of a life spent chiefly in solitude. He had been but two years at college when he was called away to fill the situation of clerk to his brother, then a corn-merchant. In this humble sphere, while every duty was faithfully discharged, he continued to increase his acquirements in ancient and modern languages, adding to his studies in the Italian writers accessions from the inexhaustible and then little cultivated fields of German literature. About this time also he first directed his attention to the study of the Oriental tongues, in which his eminence soon became remarkable.

In 1812 Mr. Tennant first became known as a poet by the publication of his “Anster Fair,” the best and most successful of his writings. It was printed in Anstruther in that year, and new editions were given to the public in 1814 and 1838.

In 1813 he was elected schoolmaster of the small parish of Denino. From thence in 1816 he was transferred to the more lucrative situation of Lasswade; and in 1819 he was elected teacher of Classical and schoolmaster of Oriental Languages in the Academy of Dollar. From this situation he was in 1837 called to fill the chair of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrew's, vacant by the death of Dr. David Scott. In 1840 Mr. Tennant published a Syriac and Chaldean Grammar, and since then he has given to the world a volume of Hebrew Dramas. Besides his Anster Fair, Mr. Tennant was the author of “Cardinal Beaton, a tragedy,” and various small poems. “Of all his poetical writings,” the *Fifehire Journal* observes, “it may be said that the execution is highly excellent, while the selection of the subjects is such as prevents them from becoming extensively popular. *Materia prima superabat*

*opus.* Anster Fair and the tragedy of Cardinal Beaton, his two most considerable pieces, are, while very different in their way, both eminently distinguished by original genius, and by a rich gift of simple and yet highly poetical language.”

The Hebrew chair at Edinburgh College is also rendered vacant by the death of Professor Tennant. The endowments of the two appointments were—St. Andrew's 1104l. Edinburgh 1154l. per annum.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

## BIRTH.

LONGMAN.—On Sunday, the 4th inst., the wife of William Longman, Esq., of 36, Hyde Park Square, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

BEDDOES.—At Basle, Switzerland, on Jan. 26, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the author of the beautiful drama entitled “The Bride's Tragedy.” He was the son of the late Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton.

CARR.—On the 27th Jan., at New Ross, in the 70th year of his age, the Rev. George Whitmore Carr, well known and esteemed for his untiring and disinterested exertions for nearly half a century in the cause of religion and humanity. Mr. Carr was the first founder of a Temperance Society in Europe, and having persevered through much ridicule and prejudice in advocating its principles, lived to see it ultimately successful. He was also the first, in conjunction with the Rev. Peter Roe, to establish in Ireland a Bible Society. Energetic in the promotion of every good work, he spared neither his time nor talents till the decline of his health and mental vigour, some few years since, forced him to retire from public life, in which he had acquired the good will of all classes and creeds.

FANCOURT.—On the 1st inst., at the house of his father, the Rev. T. Fancourt, 31, Hoxton-square, Mr. E. Fancourt, artist, after a few days' illness, leaving a widow and large family.

FORSTER.—Last week, Edward Forster, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnean Society, in the 84th year of his age.

FOX.—On the 8th inst., Mr. Charles Fox, the eminent line engraver and water-colour draughtsman, at Leyton, Essex, of a disease of the heart.

ROSE.—On the 3rd inst., in the 84th year of her age, at her residence, Sidmouth, Devon, Mrs. Harriet Rose, the last surviving daughter of the late William Rose, Esq., LL.D., formerly of Chislewick, Middlesex, the translator of Sallust, and friend of Samuel Johnson.

SCOTT.—On the 5th instant, at Glasgow, David Scott, R.S.A., a very distinguished artist.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

Published between Feb. 14 and March 13, 1849.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Wm. Knibb, Missionary to Jamaica, by the Rev. J. H. Hinton. 12mo. 6s. Second edition.

## EDUCATION.

Lamartine's *Memoirs* of my Youth (Parlour Library of Instruction, Vol. 2). 12mo. 1s.  
Studies in Poetry, by Joseph Payne. New edition. Cloth. 12mo. 6s.

## EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The First Book of Geography, by Hugo Reid, Principal of the People's College, Nottingham. 18mo. 1s.  
Geography by a Lady. Cloth. 18mo. 9d.  
Watts' Songs. Illustrated. 18mo. 6d.

## FICTION.

Social Distinctions, by Mrs. Ellis. Parts 20 and 21. Demy 8vo. 1s. each.  
Exmoor; or, the Footsteps of St. Hubert in the West, with 10 illustrations from nature, by H. B. Hall, Esq., author of “Highland Sports.”  
Georgina Hammond. Second edition. By the author of “My Sister Minnie.” &c.  
Old London Bridge, by G. H. Rodwell. 8vo. 14s.  
Lofoden; or the Exiles of Norway, by E. W. Landor. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

## HISTORY.

The Russians in Moldavia and Wallachia. 8vo. 1s.

## MEDICINE.

Homologies of the Human Skeleton, by Holmes Coote, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Ancient Glass Quarries. Edited by A. W. Franks. 8vo. 16s.  
Churches of Northampton. Royal 8vo. Plain, £1. 15s.; proofs, £2. 12s. 6d.  
Sketch of Moulton; the fort and fortifications minutely described. One large sheet. 2s. 6d.; in case, 4s.  
A Map—showing the seat of war in India. In sheet, 4s.; in case, 5s.  
Punjab and surrounding countries. In sheet, 1s. 6d.; in case, 2s. 6d.  
A Map of the Punjab, Afghanistan, and Cabool. One large sheet, 10s.; in case, 14s.; on rollers, 16s.

Plans of the Actions in the Punjab. In sheet, 3s.; in case, 4s.  
 Popular Atlas. In parts at 2s. 6d. each. Coloured. Bound in cloth, £3. 15s.  
 Woman, and the Temperance Reformation. By Clara Lucas Balfour. Cloth. 18mo. 1s.  
 Guide to California. By W. Thurston. 18mo. 1s.  
 Adam's Guide to the Environs of London, 30 miles round. Cloth. Illustrated. 1s.  
 Lectures, addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P. Cloth. 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Linear Tables, for facilitating the Calculations of Areas and Earthwork. By Arthur W. Forde, civil engineer. 4to. 7s. 6d.  
 Apocalyptic Sketches. Second series. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. 12mo. 9s.

## MUSIC.

Admired Movements in Mendelssohn's Elijah. Arranged for pianoforte, flute, violin, and violoncello. By W. H. Callcott. 3s. 6d.  
 Beethoven's Twelve Fantasies for the Pianoforte. 2s. each.  
 C. E. Horsley's 2nd Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. 13s. 6d.  
 Sanctus and Responses to the Commandments. Arranged from Mendelssohn's Elijah.  
 Overture Le Domino Noir. Arranged for orchestra. Folio. 12s.  
 Heaven is our Home. Vocal duet. Composed by Edwin Flood. 2s.  
 The United Service. Song. Composed by Ricardo Linter. 2s.  
 The Oberon Polka. By Herr Krönim. 2s.  
 The Grasshopper Polka. By Ricardo Linter. Or L'Ambassadrice. Pianoforte. 2s.  
 L'Ambassadrice Quadrilles. By Musard. 4s.  
 Airs from L'Ambassadrice. By Burrows. 5s.  
 Czerny's Fantasia L'Ambassadrice. 3s. 6d.  
 Herr's Ditto. 5s.  
 Herz' Qual Dolce idem, from ditto. 2s.  
 Fondlest Affections. Song. From ditto. 2s.  
 Beethoven's Celebrated Mass, in C. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. 4to. 6d. each.  
 Ah, quel Nuit. Song from Le Domino Noir. 2s.  
 Loder's Psalmody. Edited by Vincent Novello. 8vo. 4s.  
 Chanters' Hand-guide for the use of Churches, &c., containing the Morning and Evening Service. Printed for Chanting. Price 2d.  
 Grecia's Fantaisie Dramatique sur la Val D'Andure de F. Halevy. Pour pianoforte. 5s.  
 Comic Song, Ready Money. By the author of, Wanted a Governess. 3s. 6d.  
 Callen's St. Helena Quadrilles. Military Band. 12s.

## POETRY.

Poetry, Past and Present; a collection for every-day reading and amusement. 18mo. 4s. 6d.  
 POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.  
 Juvenile Depravity; £100 Prize Essay. By the Rev. H. Worsley, A.M. Post 8vo. 5s.  
 Hope's Letter to Sir Harry Inglis on the Law of Marriage. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
 Practical Financial Reform. 8vo. 1s.  
 A Dispassionate Appeal to the Judgment of the Clergy of the Church of England on a proposed alteration of the Law of Marriage. 8vo. 2s.  
 An Examination of the Charter and Proceedings of the Hudson's Bay Company, with reference to the grant of Vancouver's Island, with a map. By James Edward Fitzgerald, Esq. Fep. 8vo. 6s.

## RELIGION.

Principle; a tale. Cloth. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 A Selection from Archbishop Sumner's Expository Lectures, by the Rev. George Wilkinson, B.D., rector of Whitcham. Cloth. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Pusey, on Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. 8vo. 6s.  
 Tracts for the Christian Seasons. Vol. 1. Fep. 8vo. 5s.  
 " " Part 6. Holy Week. 1s. 4d.  
 Keble, against profane dealing in Holy Matrimony. 12mo. 6d.  
 Beveridge's Works. 8vo. Vol. 11 and 12. 10s. 6d. each.  
 Cosins's Works. 8vo. Vol. 3. 10s. 6d.  
 Hammond's Minor Works. Vol. 2. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Short Sermons for Family Reading, by the Rev. Samuel Rickards, rector of Stowlangtoft, Suffolk. Demy 8vo. 9s.  
 The Christian Householder, or Guide to Family Prayer. Fep. 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
 The Church of our Fathers; or, St. Osmund's Rite for the Church of Salisbury, from a Manuscript in the Library of that Cathedral. By Daniel Rock, D.D., and Canon of the English Chapter. 2 vols., with engravings. 36s.  
 Remains of the Rev. Peter Macbride, of the Free West Church, Rothesay. 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
 Tales of Faith and Providence, by the Rev. W. B. Flower, B.A. 18mo. 2s. Cloth.  
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 Strictures on the Duke of Argyll's Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, in a Letter to His Grace. By David Aitchison, M.A., Oxon, Archdeacon of Argyll and the Isles. Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cloth.  
 Rev. Robert Montgomery's Christian Life. Second edition. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Cloth lettered. Also, The Omnipresence of the Deity. 25th edition, with illustrations by Corbould. 12mo. 5s. Cloth, gilt.  
 Essays on subjects connected with the Reformation in England, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., Author of the "Dark Ages." 8vo. 15s.  
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 Castelterker, by Rev. A. Dallas. Post 8vo. 4s.  
 Sermons, by Adolphe Monod Montauban. By Rev. J. W. Hickey. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 Rev. R. Fleming's Rise and Fall of Papacy. New edit. 1s.  
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